

The Portsmouth Furniture Co.,
Cor. Vaughan and Deer Streets.

SENATORIAL FIGHT

In Mississippi Will Commence The Present Week

Jackson, Miss., March 13.—The senatorial fight in Mississippi has commenced this week in earnest and may be expected to continue at a lively clip till the primaries are held in August. Two United States senators are to be chosen by the Legislature which will assemble next January, but as Senator A. J. McLaurin, one of the incumbents, will be returned without opposition, the contest will be for but one toga, that which now adorns the shoulders of Senator H. D. Money. Senator Money could secure a reelection without trouble, it is believed, but his health has not been good of late and he has consequently decided to retire.

Since Senator Money made his decision known things political in Mississippi have been shaping for one of the most exciting senatorial fights in the history of the state. The rival aspirants for the Senate seat are Gov. Vardaman and Representative John Sharp Williams, the minority leader in the House. It is impossible at this early stage of the contest to predict the winner with any degree of certainty.

Mr. Williams has returned from Washington and from all appearances he intends to make the fight of his life to succeed Money in the Senate. It is no secret that he stands higher with the better and more substantial element of the people of Mississippi than does Gov. Vardaman. But the latter has a strong "pull" with the masses. Mr. Williams stands well with the people on the greater issues of the day, but Gov. Vardaman, on the other hand, has kept closer at home and has captivated the popular fancy by his public declarations regarding those questions in which the people of Mississippi are particularly interested.

Gov. Vardaman, moreover, is a ready speaker and may be counted upon to hold his own if he accedes to Mr. Williams' request for a joint canvass.

Whether the next senator to be Williams or Vardaman, it is already certain that the political pot will boil at a lively rate in Mississippi during the coming summer.

FILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.

PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of itching, blind, bleeding or protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

A BUSINESS PROPOSITION.

The boom in mining interests throughout the country during the past two years has greatly increased the number of investors in this class of securities and holders of large and small amounts are eagerly scanning daily news of the market and of the mining districts. In such matters the New York Commercial has grown to be known as the leading authority and investors can do no better than read its columns daily.

The financial and insurance departments are among the strongest in the country and the dry goods, grocery, drug, metal and provision market reports are accepted by those in the various lines as most valuable and authoritative.

One druggist who owns two or three stores in New Jersey states that he has saved thousands of dollars by keeping in touch with the market through the columns of The Commercial. As a business proposition business men will find in a subscription to the New York Commercial a valuable asset.

WHISTLE DID NOT SOUND

The fire alarm whistle at the power plant failed to sound the alarm from box 43 on Tuesday evening. Examination of the electrical connection showed that an adjustment spring had broken when the time was sounded at half-past twelve Tuesday noon.

Theatersgoers are to have no lack of fine attractions during the Spring.

There is only one
"Bromo Quinine"

That is
Laxative Bromo Quinine

CURES A COLD IN ONE DAY
PREVENTS THE GRIP

Specially named remedies sometimes deceive. The first and original Cold Tablet in a WHITE PACKAGE with black and red lettering, and bears the signature of

E. M. Grove

JOHN CHINAMAN'S HOUSE.

Must Be Built at a Special Time and in a Special Way to Be Right.

When a Chinaman has decided to build himself a house the first person he consults is not an architect, but a sort of wizard.

This individual examines the site and marks the exact spot for the front door. In China front doors must never face due south, though a partly southern aspect is highly desirable. Only the houses of the emperor and of high governing officials may front due south.

The wizard, or geomancer, next prescribes the exact size of the front door. An inch too much or too little might have disastrous consequences. A screen of wood or of bricks must be erected about three yards in front of the door. This is to keep out any evil breath. Not human breath, nor malarial, nor bad odors, but some mysterious and fatal something which is only to be kept out by that screen.

The wizard next locates the spot for the kitchen fireplace. This also must not face south, because the south represents fire, and the kitchen fire and the south fire, working together, would be so powerful that the house would just naturally burn up.

Having settled the question of place, the wizard figures out a time when work may be begun with some degree of safety. For instance, if the earth god should be at home when the workmen began digging they might stick a spade into his august cranium and then there would be the devil to pay. The family living in that house would die out.

The would-be builder must also find out whether it is a year when he may with safety begin anything. There are lots of these unlucky years. A man must not be married, for instance, when his age is 21 or 25, or any even number.

Having picked out a favorable year, John must next consider his two lucky months, for there are only two out of the 12 which are favorable to his undertaking new things. Then his yellow road days or good ones must be determined. There are more black road days than yellow ones, so the auspicious moments for starting his house are finally reduced to a pretty limited number.

But that isn't all. The lucky days of the whole family must next be figured out, compared with John's own yellow road days and the result boiled down. The proper moment for putting the front door in place, for building the kitchen fireplace and so on are then decided on, and, after waiting perhaps several months for the auspicious day to arrive, John can at last begin work.

THE MOTOR OR THE HORSE

Big Automobiles Are Taking the Place of Animals All Over the World.

It will probably be many, many years in the future, if the time ever comes, before the automobile will put the "hobbying" horse out of business. But the motorists declare that the fate of the earl's horse, anyway the city animal, is not so far distant. They maintain, and with some show of reason for the contention, that it is only a matter of a few years until the "smart" earl's horse, with "bob" tail, high head and silver trimmed harness, will have to seek some other means of earning out and hay.

Kansas City, says the Star, is perhaps behind a good many other cities of its class in the motor game. But it is true here as elsewhere that many families which have always maintained a stable of horses are neglecting and then gradually giving up the animals in preference to the automobile. It works out this way:

"My dear," remarks the head of the family, "I am thinking of buying an automobile. It's just an experiment, you know. Of course, we will keep the horses and use them principally."

"Mercy! no, John; we mustn't give up the horses," says the wife.

For a week or two they are too busy learning how to drive the new motor to think about the horses. Then some Sunday afternoon a sense of duty, more than anything else, compels them to have the array and the pair of bays brought around to the carriage entrance and they go for a drive. But somehow they seem to poke along and there is something lacking about the ride. Neither one mentions it, but before long another and then another motor car finds shelter in the stable and the horses go out through exit No. 23.

The speed craze in automobiles has about died out. What the purchasers are giving attention to now is the reliability of a car and what will be the minimum cost of repairs. Formerly the first question asked was: "How fast can it go?" Now the inquiry is: "How far and how cheap will it go?" This is especially true in this vicinity, where the roads are narrow and there are many turns. Twenty miles an hour is as fast as anybody cares to go, and almost any car will do that.

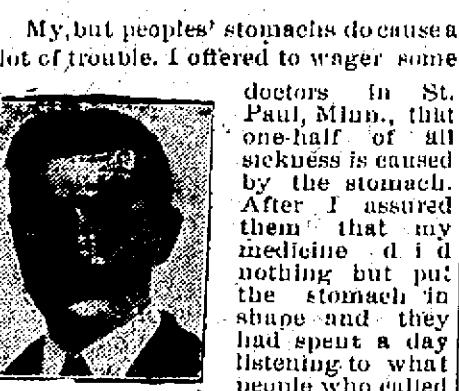
Expensive Transaction.
Forty years after the Bodleian library at Oxford had received a copy of the first folio Shakespeare—that is to say, in 1611—the librarian of that institution, clearing out some "superfluous books," dumped the first folio in the lot and accepted \$120 for the parcel. Now the Bodleian has a chance of buying it back again—for \$15,000.

Easy Way Out.
Nellie—Are you married?
Belle—Yes, to a conductor, but I think he doesn't love me.
"Well, get a transfer,"—N. Y. Times.

SHORT TALKS BY

L. T. COOPER.

THE STOMACH.



My, but peoples' stomachs do cause a lot of trouble. I offered to wage some doctors in St. Paul, Minn., that one-half of all sickness is caused by the stomach. After I assured them that my medicine did nothing but put the stomach in shape and they had spent a day listening to what people who called

on me had to say, they had to agree with me. They heard people come in and tell me that for years they had been near the grave with Bright's disease, or lung trouble, or kidney complaint and all manner of diseases and that the New Discovery had cured them. Of course these people were mistaken. It was nothing but their stomachs. As a matter of fact when the stomach gives out most everything else is thrown out of order, too.

When a person feels tired and dull and despondent, is losing flesh and doesn't sleep well, has a poor memory, a bad taste in the mouth, a coated tongue, and other troubles, he's liable to believe a lot of things are the matter with him. Nine chances to one it's his stomach. I've seen Cooper's New Discovery bring back health to too many people in just this shape to believe anything else. Here is a letter about it:

"I suffered for a long time without knowing just what was the matter with me. I seldom felt like eating and I lost greatly in weight. My digestion was extremely poor and when I did eat I invariably suffered afterward. I was constipated and frequently suffered from nerve racking, violent headaches. When I heard of what the Cooper remedies were doing for others, I resolved to try them."

"Relief came with the first bottle. My appetite and digestion improved rapidly. I am no longer constipated nor do I have those dreadful headaches. I sleep well and am gaining flesh." C. H. Powell, 18 Harrison Addition, Duluth, Minn.

We are selling immense quantities of these medicines and our customers express great satisfaction.

Boardman & Norton
Apothecaries Opp. P. O.

TOLD WHAT IT WAS.

"Now, sir, I hope we shall have no difficulty in getting you to speak up," said the barrister, in a very loud, commanding voice.

"I hope not, sir," shouted the witness, at the top of his lungs.

"How dare you speak to me in that way?" cried the lawyer.

"Because I can't speak no louder, sir," said the witness.

"Have you been drinking?"

"Yes, sir."

"I should infer so from your conduct. What have you been drinking?"

"Coffee," hoarsely vociferated the knight of the stable.

"Something stronger than coffee, sir, you've been drinking! Don't look at me like that, sir!" furiously. "Look at the jury, sir! Did you have something in your coffee, sir?"

"Yes, sir."

"What was it?"

"Sugar."

"This man is no fool, my lord—he is worse!" stormed the counsel.

"Now, sir—turning to the witness—"

"Look at me. What beside sugar did you take in your coffee this morning?"

The ostler collected his forces, drew a deep breath, and, in a voice that could have been heard half a mile away, bellowed out:

"A spunge! A spunge, an' nothing else!"

Out of the Long Ago.

Ponce de Leon, in search of the fountain of youth, paused at a clearing in the woods and examined the ground, and gave a low cry of joy.

"At last, at last. The gods have been good. Here are relics of a plebeian. The fountain of youth shall be mine."

Following the trail of corks, he arrived at the brewery.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Sure Enough.

Parson Bagster (dogmatically)—Dar ain't no use uh-'spostuhlin' and polly-foxin' 'bout dese yuh flyin'-machines! Dey 'won't work, and dey isn't ever gwine to, needer!—de Lawd never intended de air to be circumnambulated. Brother Snike—Yassah, but jenneas ax 'yer! How yuh spect woz's ungwino 't git to 'heaven—go 'round?—Puck.

A Peculiarity.

"Do you still believe in the faith cure?"

"Yes," answered the tolerant man; "but there's this peculiarity about it. It always appears to be good for something that somebody else has and you haven't."—Washington Star.

German Agricultural Workers.
Agricultural workers in Germany show a total of 382 societies, with a membership of 221,913.

Where Man Is Helpless.
In buying horses and taking a wife, shut your eyes and commend yourself to God.—Italian.

Period for Rest.
When a holiday is most needed is the day after a holiday.

LOOK MUCH ALIKE

MANY MEN IN PUBLIC LIFE HAVE THEIR "DOUBLES."

Resemblance So Striking That Queer Mistakes Are Frequent Among Statesmen and Officials at the National Capital.

Striking facial resemblances of men in public life and in official circles in this city are frequently commented upon. There are three men widely known whose similarity of face and form is so striking, says the Washington Star, that queer mistakes of identity are experienced every now and then. The resemblance of the president to his distinguished secretary of the navy and attorney general, Mr. Moody, has always been the subject of remark and now and then of humorous mistakes. Now that Mr. Moody has been elevated or at least transferred to the supreme court of the United States, he has come across another double in the person of James Mahery, clerk of the supreme court.

The resemblance of Senators Aldrich and Foraker is also striking. If Mr. Foraker's well covered head were matched by the hirsute adornment of Mr. Aldrich the resemblance would be complete. But standing side by side they appear as brothers and their similarity is frequently commented upon.

Now and then Representative Adin B. Capron of Rhode Island wanders over to the senate end of the capitol, and whenever he does so he gives a shock to some one who upon seeing him is startled at his striking resemblance to the late Senator Quay of Pennsylvania. He is more robust in appearance than his prototype from Pennsylvania and much younger. But the resemblance was always striking.

Two senators stand as competitors in the degree of their resemblance to the pictures of a widely advertised doctor, the virtues of whose remedies are announced in the public prints in connection with a picture of the doctor in an attitude of attention with uplifted hand admonishing the sick. These senators are Clay of Georgia and La Follette of Wisconsin. They are enough alike to be brothers were it not for the fact that one is of the most generous build, while the other is below the average height. Both wear their hair pompadour and both can defy the senate when they make up their minds to.

Senator Carter, of Montana and Representative Livingston are rivals in the role of replicas of Uncle Sam. When Livingston went to Venezuela some years ago to observe conditions there he was warmly received by the people who knew the United States chiefly by having seen pictures of Uncle Sam. When they saw Livingston they declared that he was Uncle Sam personified, and some of them believe him to be the owner of the United States. Either Carter or Livingston could pass anywhere as the prototype of the typical Uncle Sam without adding any stage paraphernalia.

The likeness between Senator Culbertson and Speaker Cannon is also frequently remarked and Mr. Culbertson's resemblance to the venerated Lincoln has been commented upon ever since the two knew each other in the stirring days of the war.

Representative Lacey and the late Senator Alger were strikingly alike. Whenever Mr. Lacey visited the senate and sat on the divans at the rear of the chamber back of the desk of the Michigan senator the resemblance between the two was remarked by people in the galleries.

Since Senator Du Pont of Delaware, the head of the great powder company, took the oath of office he has been mistaken on many occasions for Admiral Schley. Not long ago his right to the floor was questioned by some visitors, who declared that they knew no reason why Admiral Schley should be on the floor, and they finally accounted for his presence there because of his having received by name the thanks of congress. Later they learned their mistake.

Queer Objection to Phonograph.

"Talk about scientific revelations," remarked a U street man to his neighbor in a Fourteenth street car the other day, "but I think a certain lady who lives in an adjoining flat to me has the very latest in the remarkable discovery that second-hand sound waves have a marked effect upon the sensibilities of marine life. It happened this way: A party who lives across the hall from the lady was entertaining a company of friends the other evening and had set his new phonograph in action. The last blaring notes of 'Waiting at the Church' were dying away when a ring and tapping at the door was heard. The musicians was answered, and there stood the scientific woman in question. 'I must ask you to stop playing that phonograph,' she said. 'It disturbs my goldfish.'—Washington Star.

Falling of the Turkey.

"Of course, I had plenty of good things to eat during the holidays at home in Mississippi," said Representative Chandler to a group of friends. "And whenever I eat turkey I am reminded of what the late Gov. McNeill used to say about the bird. McNeill

was a great eater. One day some friends were discussing the merits of the turkey as food, when McNeill said: 'I think I am a pretty fair judge of good things to eat—from possum and faters to terrapin and champagne—but I confess I don't go very heavy on turkey. It is such an inconvenient kind of bird that a little too much for one man and not near enough for two.'"

The Futility of Arguing.
The temptation to argue with people of convinced views should be resolutely resisted. Argument only strengthens and fortifies the convictions of opponents and I can honestly say that I have never yet met a man of strong intellectual fiber who was ever converted by an argument.—A. C. Benson.

The Awakening Chinese.
The Chinese at Singapore, to the number of 180,000, have resolved to discontinue the practice of public ancestor worship, including feasts and public processions, and devote the money thus saved, estimated at \$100,000 a year, to educational purposes.

Save Those Trees!
Every citizen should indorse the stand taken by the scientists for the preservation of our forests. One may have to take to the tall timber at any time, you know.

The "Green Room."
The theater green room is so called because its floor, in the time of Shakespeare, was always covered with green rushes.

MUSIC HALL

F. W. HARTFORD, MANAGER

Wednesday, March 13.

Grand Matinee at 2:30.

THE SHOW YOU KNOW

Shepard's Marvelous Moving Pictures

Including the Thrilling Picture,

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN

And 22 Others, All New—

Hear J. Kirby Cahill Sing the Latest N. Y. Song Hit,

When I Am a Man Like Dad.

Positively Not One Picture Ever Shown Here Before.

Prices 15c, 25c, 35c and 50c.

Matinee 10c and 20c.

Sets on sale at Music Hall Box Office, Monday morning, March 11th.

Thursday Evening, March 14.

NEIL BURGESS

And His Big Production of Charles

Barnard's Pastoral Play,

THE COUNTY FAIR

Two Carloads of Scenery, Horses and Mechanical Effects, Presenting

THE GREATEST HORSE RACE SCENE EVER WITNESSED.

4 THOROUGHBREDS 4

Running a Full Mile in Continuous View of the Audience.

Prices 35c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00.

Sets on sale at Music Hall Box Office, Tuesday morning, March 12th.

REVIVO RESTORES VITALITY!
"Made a Well Man of Me."
THE GREAT REVIVO REMEDY produces fine results in 30 days. It acts powerfully and quickly. Cures when others fail. Young men can regain their lost manhood, and old men, may recover their youthful vigor by using REVIVO. It quickly and quietly removes Nervousness, Loss of Vitality, Sexual Weakness such as Lost Power, Failing Memory, Wasting Diseases, and effects of self-abuse or excess and indigestion, which unites one force, tonic and blood builder, bringing back the pink glow to pale cheeks and restoring the fire of youth. It works off and purges the system, insuring health and preventing disease. Insists on having REVIVO, no other. It can be carried in vest pocket. 25c per bottle. 50c per box of 6. \$1.00 per box of 12. With free advice and counsel to all who wish it. RYAL MEDICINE CO., Marine Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

For sale in Portsmouth by O. E. PHILBRICK, DRUGGIST

MUSIC HALL

F. W. HARTFORD, MANAGER

AFTERNOON AND EVENING,

Saturday, March 16.

MATINEE AT 2:30 O'CLOCK.

THE SEASON'S EVENT!

B. C. WHITNEY'S

Piquant Musical Mixture

ISLE OF SPICE

The Peer of All Musical Comedies.

20 SONG HITS AND UNIQUE DANCING.

THE ORIGINAL PRODUCTION

With MISS LESLIE LEIGH, the Original Peggy

Brady of the Boston and New York Runs.

Company and Special Orchestra of 60 People—American Beauty Chorus—Positively the Greatest, Prettiest, Singing, Acting and Dancing Chorus Ever Organized—Entire Production Richly Staged, Handsomely Gowned, Cleverly Acted, Perfectly Presented.

Matinee Prices—Adults 25c, 50c and 75c. Children When Accompanied by Adults, 25c for Reserved Seat.

Evening Prices—35c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.50.

Sets on sale at Music Hall Box Office, Thursday, March 14th.

OPEN TO THE WORLD.

THE MAMMOTH PLANT OF THE FRANK JONES BREWING COMPANY

Is open to the people of New England and the World to inspect its plant and to see the actual workings of an Up-To-Date Brewery.

There is no manufacturing industry in the world where greater care is used in the preparing of an article for human consumption than in the Brewing of the

Frank Jones
Portsmouth Ales

CLEANLINESS AND PURITY OF PRODUCT HAS MADE THE ALES FROM THIS BREWERY THE ENVY OF ALL COMPFTITORS.

The Secret of "How to Brew an Ale Equal to the Frank Jones Brand" has never been attained.

BLAKE WHISKEY SCHLITZ LAGER
JONES' ALE
ELDREDGE'S LAGER PORTSBURGER LAGER

Andrew O. Caswell
BOTTLER,

12 1-2 Porter St. Telephone Connection.

PORTSMOUTH HALF STOCK ALE.

BUDWEISER LAGER ARMOUR'S EXTRACT OF BEEF

TALE OF A GAMBLER.

"Remember Billy Welters? Used to be one of the biggest gamblers in the west. A plunger he was."

"Happy" Holpies, the gambler-showman, evidently had a story to tell. "Billy's lost his grip now, I hear," he continued. "When a gambler loses his grip he goes to the dogs quick. Reckon that was the way with Billy. Played a little 'con' game on me down at Texarkana when we had the Half Moon—which was a gambling house we started together—an I played another little game on him. Haven't seen him since the Half Moon went to the wall."

"I run across him down in Texarkana seven or eight years ago. That used to be one of the best gambler towns in the southwest, outside of New Orleans. I struck Billy in a little eatin' house. We'd been together before on several deals of different sorts, down in San Antonio and Albuquerque, so we decided to pool what we had and open up a gambler's house."

"We had about \$400 to start with, an' after buyin' a roulette wheel and dice tables we had just about enough to make an easy go on the first round. Things went pretty well with us at first, for we put up nothin' but the right goods—no loaded dice nor marked cards, nor anything of the sort."

"It must have been three weeks after we opened that we put in fare, and counted up about \$1,800 of \$1,900. Then, somehow or other, our luck didn't run right. Seemed like it was mighty hard for us to get above that. Some nights we'd close a hundred or so ahead, an' then again we'd close a hundred or so behind the night before."

"Billy would always come down an' open shop in the mornin'. There wasn't much doin' usually, but sometimes, even early in the mornin', there's a chance to pick up a few. I generally got down about dinner time, after losin' around talkin' to the boys all mornin'. I'd take charge of things then, and let Billy off for the afternoon. We'd both be on duty again at night, except for an hour or two for both of us, up to 12 o'clock. Then Billy'd go home and get some sleep, so's to come down an' open up in the mornin'. I'd close up when business was done at night."

"It must a' been long toward the latter part of the fourth week, I reckon, when I got down to the place one mornin' and found Billy sittin' up on a dice table, a face on him as long as my arm. None of the house gamblers we'd hired ever got down until night, so Billy was there all by himself. I saw somethin' was wrong, so I says:

"What's up, Billy? You look like a sweet potato stuck on a mud fence."

"Aw, says he, 'I should say there is. Duds-lookin' chap come in here this mornin' an' come pretty near cleanin' us out.'"

"What'd he get?" says I.

"Pretty near five hundred," says Billy, limp as a shoestring.

"Well, I sorter cheered him up. Told him we'd get it back out of some other guy, maybe the same one. But somehow, the thing didn't smell like fresh butter to me. Billy wasn't used to takin' losses that way. Usually he was as game as a fightin' cock."

"Two days later that same thing happened. The duds-lookin' feller got in before 12 o'clock in the mornin' and pulled out two hundred more. That was what we'd won the night before, so I left the bank roll still about fifteen hundred."

"The luck was with us that night, and when I counted up before closin' there was \$1,900 and some odd change. Billy had gone home, as usual, at midnight, and left the thing with me. 'Fore he left I told him I'd be down early in the mornin', so as to try and catch that duds-lookin' feller myself. He agreed to change watches."

"That night I paid off all the house men to the last cent. Then I went down to the hotel and went to sleep, leavin' a call for ten o'clock. After eatin' breakfast I went straight down to the place, piled all the chairs up on the tables, after bunchin' 'em in the middle of the floor. I got all the money out of the safe, went round to the corner bank and got it all in hundred-dollar bills, 19 of 'em, and stuffed 'em down in my jeans."

"Billy sauntered in a little after 12. He didn't crack a smile nor nothin' when he saw everything packed up like it was ready for a furniture van."

"What's up?" he says, cool as my please."

"I was leanin' up against a table with a long face, long as I could make it."

"That same confounded chap, straw hat, blue coat, duck pants and tan shoes (that's what Billy said he looked like) come in here, this mornin' and cleaned the bank out on hundred-dollar throws. I've got just enough down to the hotel to buy a ticket to Kansas City. 'F you want to stay here you can have all the fixtures. I'm leavin' at two o'clock on the north-bound Cannon Ball,' says I."

"All right," he says, never crackin' a smile."

"Haven't seen Billy since then," added the showman, after a pause. "Wonder what he's doin' now?"—N. Y. Sun.

A Clever Butcher Bird.
Recently while a young orchard in this country was being inspected, the storehouse of a butcher bird was found. The bird had impaled two lizards, two small garden snakes, a moccasin snake, a mouse, parts of birds, and insects too numerous to mention. These were on apple shoots, and in every case the victim had been impaled along the axis of the body, some to a depth of an inch. No man could have done the work more dexterously. The butcher bird is the great northern shrike, and it is his habit to gorge up food in this manner. He is a bird of rather savage nature, and although he destroys great quantities of mice and insects, he offsets this good work by killing many insectivorous birds.—Orange Judd Farmer.

IT WAS A GOOD CASE. THE PAINTER'S SOUL.

BY EMILY GLOVER.

Attorney Jacob Shuzwaller looked upon it as a sort of special providence in his favor when he saw the old man knocked down. It was a curious circumstance that he had been thinking a few moments before of turning his attention seriously to that branch of the profession known as "ambulance chasing."

The old man was crossing the street when the meat wagon driven by a reckless boy whirled around the corner and knocked him down. He was struck by the horse's shoulder and by the shaft of the cart simultaneously and rolled headlong in the mud. The driver pulled up, but apparently was about to drive on again when Attorney Shuzwaller jumped forward and seized the horse by the bit. Then he told the driver, in his gruffest jury voice, to climb down out of that wagon. He took the driver's name and noted the number of the cart, which he observed with joy belonged to a wealthy packing corporation. Then he helped the old man to his feet, taking heed the while with a careful eye of the witnesses of the occurrence.

"Are you much hurt?" inquired the attorney. "Of course, you are," he added. "Let me help you into this drug store."

"No, no," replied the old man, as he regained his feet. "I'm all right."

"You just think you are," said the attorney. "Don't talk now. Don't say a word. I'll manage it for you."

"Ain't no need," said the old man, detaching himself from the attorney's supporting arm. "I'm jest as much obliged to you."

He began to walk away and the attorney stood for a moment in indecision. Then he took out a notebook and hastily requested the names and addresses of the bystanders. As for the meat wagon, it and the driver had disappeared.

Hurrying after the disappearing victim of the accident, he overtook him in the course of a block or two. The old man recognized him and greeted him cordially. Shuzwaller noted that he was evidently from the country, having the appearance of a prosperous farmer.

"This is a pudding," he said to himself, gleefully. "I've got 'em going and coming. I'll bet he's good, and it's a cinch that the company is." Along he said: "I don't like to see you going off alone. I know you're hurt, and I think I can be of service to you. Here is my card. You see, I am an attorney, and I think I can say with absolute certainty that you have excellent grounds for a damage suit."

"Oh, pshaw," said the old man, turning a mild blue eye on his friend in need. "I reckon it was my fault as much as the boy's. He was a little keener, maybe, but I had orter've been more keener myself. It was real clever of you to pick me up, but I guess I don't want no lawin' over this."

"Why man," said the attorney, "it's as good a case as I ever handled. You can get a verdict for \$5,000 out of this. Where are you stopping, Mr. —?"

"Bossgrue is my name," said the old man, "Lafayette Bossgrue, and I'm stayin' at the Paradise hotel, but I don't keer about any verdies. I ain't hurt—only a little bruised an' shook up."

"Well," said Shuzwaller, "I see that you are not in any condition to talk now. I'll call around in the morning."

He hunted up a doctor who was honored by his confidence. He found that eminent practitioner in the back room of a saloon engaged in the intellectual game of "forty-five" with the proprietor, and after giving him careful instructions he sent him over to the Paradise. Then he went home.

The next afternoon he called at the Paradise and found Mr. Bossgrue sitting in his room, smoking a pipe and looking none the worse for his accident.

"Well, Mr. Bossgrue," said the attorney, cheerfully, "I am glad to report that everything looks extremely favorable for us. I've been working all morning on your case and I have been lucky enough to find four good witnesses who will testify to the facts. You saw Dr. Skimerson, I suppose?"

"Why," replied the old man, "I didn't want no doctor, an' I told him so. He did look me over, though. It seemed like he felt he had to an' he told me it wouldn't cost me nothin'."

"That's all right, then," said the attorney, with a smile of satisfaction. "Now, as to the case—"

"Look here," said the old man, "let's quit this. I told you I didn't want no lawin' an' I don't. I don't like it, anyway, an' if I did I wouldn't want it over this. You see, afore I started my wife kep' on tellin' me to be keener an' not to get too in by any gold-brick men, an' not to get run over. She's a mighty fine woman, but she's some give to fussin' over a man. The way she dinged it into me about gettin' run over beat all. Now, if she finds out that I've been run over, I'll never hear the last of it. I'm willin' to pay you for the time you took, though I didn't ask you. I reckon a \$10 bill will cover that, won't it?"

Shuzwaller waved the bill aside. "It means \$10,000 to you," he said, recklessly. "You've got to sue 'em."

The mild look left the old man's eyes. "Durn it! I tell you I won't," he said.

His manner was entirely convincing. Yet the attorney had one more hope. "Well," he said, "you know your business best, but my oath as a lawyer makes it my duty to report any illegal act to the grand jury and the driver committed an illegal act. The case will have to be tried, but the only difference is that you won't get a cent. And then \$10 won't begin to cover my actual expenses in securing these witnesses. Now, you take your choice. You give me \$100 and I'll let the matter drop. If—"

The old man rose to his feet. "You get out of here quick, unless you want me to throw you out of the window," he said, grimly. "I'm blamed if any gold-brick man like you gets a cent out of me. Get out!"

And Attorney Shuzwaller sorrowfully got out.—Chicago Daily News.

JARRETT'S NURSE.

BY S. E. KISER.

"I've lent him 'The Crown of Wild Olive,'" said Della. "I'm alluding to the man who's decorating the pantry with three fascinating splotchy brushes. He's got a soul above his station."

I sat up in my chair with suddenness. Della is my cousin, and was self-invited to my cottage in the country. "That explains a good deal," I said. "You know I told you that if you would come here when the kitchen and pantry were being painted you must put up with discomforts."

"I haven't complained," said Della. "Not once."

"You've explained it exactly," she was saying. "You see the best-in-everything-comes to the front, while the worst goes to the wall. It's called the survival of the fittest. I'll lend you a book about it."

The painter took a large bite from a piece of seedcake.

"I've not much time for readin'," he explained, incoherently, "but I think while I'm workin'."

"That's why you work so well," said Della irrationally. (And, oh, but with the memory of recent passages at arms with that man I could have smacked her!) "You know Ruskin separates people who work with their hands and people who work with their heads, but I think he'd have said you did both."

"I could 'ave told 'im a thing or two," said the painter modestly, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand.

"He'd have loved to talk with you!" said the shameless five-foot-four from behind.

"Wages is wages," he said, with sudden irrelevance.

"You mean," said Della, as one who pieces the fragmentary utterances of a great mind into a patterned whole, "that it's a matter of simple justice to expect good pay for good work?"

"Yes'm," said the painter.

"But putting aside the ethics—I mean the right and wrong of the idea," said Della, "doesn't it seem to you—"

I shut the drawing room window with a bang.

Della and I did not meet again until we sat down to dinner.

"What do you say to a twilight stroll?" I asked as we rose, at length, from the table.

"I don't mind," she said. "I'll get your hat for you."

"No wonder," said Della, in slightly defiant tones, as we left the cottage, "that this place produces—souls!"

"No, dear," I said, meekly.

"By the way"—as a turning in the lane brought a row of neat, stilted cottages into view—"Hogg lives in one of those cottages, Della."

"And who, by all the gods of my ancestors, is Hogg?"

"Your high-souled painter."

"Well, what's in a name? Yours is Dearlove!" said Della, promptly. "I'd like to see his cottage."

"There seems to be nothing to individualize it," I observed. "I think it's the next but one—where there's some one in the garden."

"Why, it's—his!" said Della, craning a slender neck; "will that be Mrs. Hogg?"

I surveyed the outline of a short, stout woman, who leant against the wall at the painter's side, and nodded.

We were within earshot of voices now—a little earnest, familiar one, and a sharper tone of higher pitch.

"She minds me of our Lucy," the painter was saying thoughtfully. "A bit more flesh on her, but very like."

"You say the same of every innocent you see!" retorted his spouse with a sob in her voice.

There was a sudden movement as though an arm went forth in consolation. "Now, don't Marler! Isn't it natural as when I see any one not blessed with full understanding I should think of our dead an' gone lamb?"

"Lucy was your livin' image," said Mrs. Hogg.

"This un's fair," said the painter, "an' quite 'armless."

"If you asks me wot I've seed, Marler, I calls it a maner for talkin'. Talkin' by the hour; just carryin' on mazy, senseless conversations for the pleasure of doin' it. She's lent me two books about olives an' worshippin' of 'eroes, but every second page is fair ravin' lunacy."

There was a little gasping sound in the near darkness.

"Don't you go wastin' your time readin' of 'em!"

"Not me!" said the painter, "but I humors 'er."

"Oh, well," said his wife, as one who sees the force of certain attitudes.

"Miss Dearlove's been very good to us," continued the painter, "an' I'm doin' a job for Miss Dearlove. If she's afflicted relations to stay with 'er, an' likes to get a little peace, now an' again, by sendin' 'em to talk to me, I don't see as I've any objections to raise. Besides," he added, as an afterthought, "she give me tea."

"Which?" said Mrs. Hogg.

"The loony," said the painter. "Just the same as pore Lucy used to bring it—all spilt in the saucer with carryin'."

"It's a shockin' waste of time!" said Mrs. Hogg.

"It is that," agreed the painter. "Not that we need worry, chargin' by the hour; but it's a sore thing in one so young. She's just missed bein' nice-lookin', too."

"Aren't you cold, Della?" I suggested, timidly.

She did not suggest prolonging our walk, and we retraced our steps.

When we reached home she went up to bed, declining all remedies for a sudden headache.

Della appeared at breakfast next morning fresh as the new day's dew. She said her headache was better.—Lady's Pictorial.

FINDING HIM OUT.

BY S. E. KISER.

The sleeper in which Jarrett sat suddenly rose in the air. When he remembered things again he looked for a long time into a pair of soft blue eyes above him. Then he turned his head a little, gazed at his surroundings, and asked: "Where are the jasper walls?"

"Poor man!" said a voice that sounded very sweet, "he doesn't know where he is."

"Yes, I do," he corrected. "This is Heaven, isn't it?"

"No. This is just the hospital," said the sweet voice.

"Oh, I remember now. There was a wreck, wasn't there?"

"Yes—a terrible wreck."

"Let's see. I can feel both of my feet. I must be all here."

"You are one of the lucky ones. The doctor says as far as he can find out you were only stunned and bruised, although you narrowly escaped concussion of the brain."

"I've always been lucky. It must be because I'm a fool. They say 'fools for luck,' you know. What about the other passengers?"

She turned away from him and he heard her sob.

"Never mind telling me," he said. "I know."

He closed his eyes again and lay for a long time thinking of the people who had been in the sleeper with him. He wondered what had happened to the fine looking young man and his beautiful wife and their pretty little girl who had occupied the section across the aisle from where he sat. There was a painful pressure in his throat as a vision of the sweet little one pinioned among burning wreckage presented itself to him.

A moan from a near-by cot made him start to raise his head, but two tender hands gently pushed him backward and the soft blue eyes were looking into his again.

"You mustn't try to get up until the doctor comes and says you may," the sweet voice informed him.

Jarrett subsided and began to study the face above him. The blue eyes looked away, and he was able to observe without being studied in return.

There was deep satisfaction in the sigh he gave when he had gazed as long as he felt that he dared to.

"Am I in your care?" he asked, when she looked down at him again.

"Yes. You see, they thought the skilled nurses ought to give their attention to those who were more seriously hurt than you."

"Then you are not a skilled nurse?" She smiled upon him and replied: "I'm only an amateur. I came in to try to do what little I could to help when I heard of—the disaster."

She put her hands up to her face and he saw that she was weeping.

The doctor came a moment later and congratulated him on his lucky escape.

As Jarrett sat waiting he noticed that everything in the room was rich but, better than that, good taste was in evidence all around him. There was no sign of barbaric lavishness, and he—

but at that moment she entered. The look in her soft, blue eyes convinced him that she was really glad he had come.

"I've been thinking it over," he said, when they finally got around to discussing the wreck, "and it seems to me that you showed remarkable courage in going to that hospital and helping as you did. It was one of the noblest things I ever heard of."

"Oh, no," she protested. "If I had gone alone it might have been noble. But all the members of a certain society to which I belong went, and I couldn't refuse to go with them. I was terribly scared until they assigned me to watch you and that poor little boy with the broken ankle who was in the cot next to yours."

"Why are you smiling?" he demanded. "I was thinking of you when you were lying there."

"Was I worth laughing at? I'm glad of that. It must have been a relief to see something funny in that place of suffering."

"It was what you said when you awoke for the first time after I had been directed to watch you."

"If I said anything worth remembering please don't let it be forgotten. Write it out. It isn't likely that I shall ever do anything of the kind again."

"Don't you remember what the first thing you said was after your senses had returned?"

"No. I can't exactly remember, when my senses came back. Sometimes I get to mistrusting that they mightn't have come back at all."

"You asked where the jasper walls were, and wanted to know if that was Heaven."

"That was only natural. The last thing I remembered before that was the car rising in the air. Then when I opened my eyes an angel was standing over me."

She admitted before they parted for the night that she was glad she had responded to the call for help.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Appropriate for Her.
Miss Passay—Do you know what "his-met" means?
Miss Peppy—Kismet!
Miss Passay—Yes, Mr. Sophist asked me for an appropriate motto that he might have engraved in my engagement ring and I selected that.
Miss Peppy—Oh! Then I suppose it means "Better late than never."—Philadelphia Press.

Not Liked.
Upon—I hear that DeSharp has been losing money lately.
Downside—Impossible. He is not a capitalist; he is a promoter.—N. Y. Weekly.

ECONOMICAL AND DURABLE FLOOR COVERING EASILY MADE.

BY S. E. KISER.

"I ought to know him," said the wholesale leather merchant. "I went to school with him and he was my partner in this business for two years. Yes, sir, until a year ago last June, the firm was Hunter & Styles. The Styles was Jim Styles."

"I should think you would be slightly acquainted with him, then," said the tanner, with a laugh.

"I was only slightly acquainted with him until we went into partnership," said the leather merchant. "As I say, we went to school together and were what you might call chums. We married into the same family and we both built in Grasswood and voted the same municipal ticket. We used to swap garden tools and had identical views on the subject of furnace building. One summer we went camping together and even that gave me no true insight into his character. You go camping with a man and, as a rule, if there's any meanness in him it will show itself then. I want to be fair to Mr. Styles and I will say that he hunted bait cheerfully and hustled in his fair share of wood for the fire. It was a real grief to me when he showed himself in his true colors."

"Why, I remember several little incidents of decent things that he did when I come to think of them. When we were both considerably younger I got into a tight place financially and he had a pretty good guess how matters were with me. I never went to him. Never went to a man to ask for help in my life. But, as I say, he got an inkling of it in some way and he drew out every cent that he had in the bank and brought it to me and told me to use it and pay him back when he asked for it. Funny how people run in streaks that way, isn't it?"

"Later on I got a chance to do the same for him. As a general thing, when I lend money to a man I kiss it good-by, but Jim—Mr. Styles came right to the front with the money. When I got married he sprung himself for silver tableware that would have been good enough for a millionaire—and I wasn't any millionaire in those days, whatever I am now. He stood godfather for my first, too. I used to think that he thought as much of that boy as if he had been his own. His are all girls. Pretty nice sort of girls, too."

"But sometimes the meanest kind of a cuss has the nicest kind of folks. Mrs. Styles is one of the women they make just once in a while. Whenever there was any sickness in the house or anything of that sort Mrs. Styles was always Johnny-on-the-spot, as it were. But women aren't altogether reasonable creatures. If anybody says a word against their husbands they're treated as outcasts, they and all their relations and descendants, to the third and fourth generation."

"So Styles worked you in the partnership deal, did he?" queried the tanner.

"Not exactly," answered the leather merchant. "We had our disagreements, but I couldn't truthfully say that he worked me. Perhaps I was wrong after all in saying that the partnership opened my eyes. There was another little incident—you might consider it trivial, but things like that are often a reliable index to a man's makeup. It came along in the beginning of the winter. I went out one morning to shovel the snow off the walk and I noticed that Styles had shoveled his off about two feet short of the line between our two houses. Just by way of a joke, I cleaned off sharp up to the line and left the two feet of drift stretching across the walk. I thought he would take the hint, but he didn't. He just left it as it was and the next snowfall he did the very same thing—left it uncleared two feet short. Then I spoke to him about it and he said he was going by the fence. I told him the fence wasn't set exactly on the line and he said it was near enough to shovel snow by. We had a few words over it, but no regular row. All the same, he left that ridge right across the walk and, of course, I wasn't going to do it for him. It looked ridiculous, though, and the neighbors used to take running jumps over it as they went to the station."

"Well, that made me a little suspicious of Mr. Styles. I thought: 'If he acts this way out of business he's likely to do things in business that aren't right or square.' So I looked into the way he was running his end of our concern and I found a few things that didn't suit me. All that winter he persisted in leaving the two-foot drift of snow, too, and when I spoke to him about business matters he got touchy and then he turned round and began to criticize me."

"The more I saw of him, once I was enlightened as to his disposition, the less I liked the way he did business. Finally I told him my candid opinion of him and he became abusive, so we called the partnership off."

The leather merchant sighed. "It's rather tough to have the illusions of years dispelled," he said. "Sometimes I wish I'd never found Styles out."

"Oh, pshaw!" said the tanner. "Styles is a rattling good fellow, and so would you be if you weren't bullheaded, yourself. Make it up."

The leather merchant looked thoughtful. "There's a good deal of snow fallen lately," he said, "and that confounded ridge between us is two feet high, as well as two feet wide."

"Oh, well," said the tanner, "there's a thaw due now."—Chicago Daily News.

He's One of Them Now.
Green—I don't hear Dollarizer deplaining against the plutocrats any more.
Brown—Of course not. A relative in the old currency died recently and left him a few hundred dollars.—Chicago Daily News.

Drop Cakes.
Beat three eggs until very light, and gradually sift in one cupful of sugar. Add one and one-fourth cupfuls of flour which has been three times sifted with one teaspoonful of cream of tartar and one-half teaspoonful of soda. Flavor with a few drops of oil of anise and drop, by small, even teaspoonfuls, two inches apart, on buttered tins. Bake in a quick oven, watching closely. Dust thickly with confectioner's sugar while still warm.

Oatmeal Water.
Put one cup of oatmeal in a stone jar with a cup of sugar, juice and thin yellow rind of three lemons. Cover with three quarts of boiling water and let it stand until sugar is dissolved. Strain and put on ice.

Household Hints.
Salt toughens meat if added before it commences to cook.
Wash over the undercoast of a pig with the white of an egg, not beaten, to prevent its being soggy.
In order to prevent milk from burning while being boiled first rinse the saucepan thoroughly with cold water and rub it with a little fresh butter before pouring in the milk.
Fill a burnt saucepan with cold water to which some soda has been added. Allow the water to come slowly to a boil, when the burnt portion of the pan may be scraped clean. A handful of wood ashes if added to the water will aid the cleansing.
In busy pum

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WEDNESDAY, MARCH 13, 1907

LET US CONTINUE

Doubt has been expressed of the
wisdom of continuing to write and
publish tales and histories of the Civ-
il War. We have been told that such
writings tend to keep alive the
sectional hatred engendered by that
terrible conflict and that the best
course to pursue is to let the peo-
ple forget.

We cannot accept this view. It
seems to us that the best way to
bring about good feeling between the
sections is to permit and encourage
full and frank discussion of points
of difference, as long as that discus-
sion is kindly. It does, Northerners
no harm to learn just how the South
felt before, during and after the war
and it must benefit Southerners to
be brought to an understanding of the
Northern attitude.

Every fair minded Northerner ad-
mits that many crimes were com-
mitted in the name of the Union in
the reconstruction days and we are
beginning to understand and to sym-
pathize with Southern indignation.
We know now that the South was
wronged, that its recovery from the
effects of the war was often hindered
by the government which should have
aided it. It is to be hoped that there
will never again be a disposition to
commit similar crimes.

Accounts of the campaigns of the
war between the states written by
men who fought on the Southern
side, histories of the reconstruction
period by Southern women who suf-
fered, cannot fail to convince those
of the North that the South had
grievances, even though we may be
convinced that in the war they were
wrong, not wrong, perhaps, from their
point of view, but wrong in their
viewpoint.

The Spanish war did more to re-
unite the nation than can easily be
estimated. Southerners saw the her-
oes of the Confederacy fighting for
the honor of the flag which had once
been the ensign of the enemy and
men who were once heroes of a
section are now heroes of the nation.
We remember now that Robert E.
Lee was an American and that his
achievements redound to the glory of
the American name, even though he
fought against the armies of what we
regard as the American nation. The
same is true of Jackson and the other
leaders of the South who died too
soon to fight under the old flag
against Spain.

By all means let us continue our
discussion and our study of
the blackest chapter in our history,
but let us study it in a spirit of
kindliness and mutual aid.

OUR EXCHANGES

The Panacea of Purchase
I believe that the government of
the United States should at once
possess itself of the entire anthracite
field of Pennsylvania, and retain it
for national defence. . . . about
eighteen billion dollars would rep-
resent, at present values, the valuable
anthracite deposits which the United
States government should acquire to

possess the entire store of this fuel.
—Rear Admiral Evans in The North
American Review.
If war-clouds arise in the burgeoning
East,
Far out in the realm of the Jap,
By petty entanglements daily in-
creased,
Portending a terrible scrap,
Twere well to avoid every prospect
of war.
Upon this Bohemian plan—
Instead of insanely expending our
gore,
Why, let us just purchase Japan.

If trouble comes up 'twixt ourselves
and the Czar—
Al chance that is happily vague,
That threatens to rupture the status
which are,
Despite all this work at the Hague,
A bargain let's strike with the Ro-
manoff great,
Thus dimming the prospect of
clash
And make La Belle Russe an Ameri-
can State
For twenty-six dollars in cash.

Should Britain again wish conclu-
sions to try
With lively avuncular Sam,
On any old cloud that appears in the
sky
From codfish to droll Swettenham,
Instead of despatching vast armies to
wreck,
And blow every Briton from earth,
Let's send for King Edward, and give
him a check
For what his old Kingdom is worth.

And so let it be with the heathen
Chinee,
The African on deshabille,
The Noddsman and Swede and the
Beloochistee
The Roman and son of Castille,
The French and the German, Iceland-
er and Dutch,
The Swiss and the fair Portuguese,
We'll buy 'em all up at no matter
how much,
And put a lead clinch upon Peace.
—John Kendrick Bangs in Harper's
Weekly.

They Believed Dowle, Didn't They?
The Dowleites who believe that the
Apostle is only in deep slumber and
will awaken from it in the near fu-
ture in another part of the world
would believe almost anything.—
Boston Globe.

But They'll Watch Out
A scientific sharp some time ago
detected a human soul in the act of
leaving a body, and now a Haverhill
doctor has succeeded in weighing
one. 'Somebody may yet catch one
of them if they don't watch' out.—
New York World.

Is One Thing He Can't Control
It sometimes looks as if Mr. Roose-
velt would have to control the next
national convention in order to save
himself from being nominated for
President for another term.—Provi-
dence Journal.

Sure: Why Didn't You Tell Him?
President Hadley of Yale writes
to the effect that of all the novels he
read during 1906 he liked "The House
of Mirth" the best. Wonder if it would
have made a difference in his opin-
ion if he had known that Mrs. War-
ton's novel had been excluded from
Malden's public library.—Malden
News.

The Next Move
The Salvation Army announces
that its anti-suicide bureau is a suc-
cess. It will now be in order to start
an anti-race suicide bureau.—Port-
land Press.

**Depends on the Conscience in Some
Cases**
Investigations like that which
brought out the secrets of Harriman
serve at least to show that railroad-
ing is a peculiar business and one not
to be mastered by every tyro.—
Newburyport Herald.

THE THEATRICAL FOLK

Shepard's Pictures Today
If you have that tired feeling and
need something to take the cares of
your business from your mind, some-
thing to give spice to life, refresh-
ment to your mind and to act as a
general relief to the whole system;
if you wish to see a high grade moral
entertainment, wherein comedy, hum-

**Dr. Lyon's
PERFECT
Tooth Powder**
Cleanses and beautifies the
teeth and purifies the breath.
Used by people of refinement
for over a quarter of a century.
Convenient for tourists.
PREPARED BY
S. H. Lyon, D.D.S.

or, pathos, beauty and pleasure run
rife, where everything is alive to the
minute and where a brilliant series
of artistic works is accompanied by
mechanical devices that enhance
their beauty, then go to see the peo-
ple's favorite form of amusement at
Music Hall this afternoon and even-
ing and you will see a high grade
moving picture show, the unrivalled,
the foremost and best. You will also
hear J. Kirby Cahill sing the latest
New York song hit, "When I Am a
Man Like Dad."

Its Eighteenth Year
"The County Fair," which is to
be the attraction for Thursday even-
ing at Music Hall, is now in its eight-
eenth year of success. This big or-
ganization, with its carloads of scen-
ery, mechanical effects and race
horses, will be seen in its entirety.
This play deals with life among the
hills of Vermont and takes us back
to our pleasant boyhood days "down
on the farm."
One of the most exciting scenes in
"The County Fair" is in the fourth
act, the race scene at the fair grounds.
The arrangement was invented and
patented by Mr. Burgess and is the
same arrangement used today in the
chariot race scene in the production
of "Ben Hur." Nell Burgess is sup-
ported by his full New York com-
pany, two carloads of scenery and his
four horses.

A Success Everywhere
B. C. Whitney's company of seven-
ty people will be seen at Music Hall
on Saturday afternoon and evening.
In the musical extravaganza "The
Isle of Spice." This production cre-
ated a sensation in Chicago, where it
ran twenty-six weeks. It was then
produced in Boston, where it delig-
hted music loving audience for four-
teen weeks, and then went to New
York City, at the Majestic Theatre,
where it quickly established itself as
a prime favorite among the metro-
politan theatregoers for a number of
months. Absolute novelty is claimed
for the construction of this musical
mixture, and the chorus numbers are
said to be marvels of stage invention.
Among the most attractive features
of "The Isle of Spice" is a "pony bal-
let", composed of twelve little girls,
not weighing over one thousand
pounds for the entire lot, who do
some very clever work throughout
the entire performance.

NOTICE

The firm known as Hersey and
Corcoran, hairdressing rooms, has,
by mutual consent, dissolved part-
nership. Mr. Hersey having sold his
interest to Mr. Corcoran. The shop
has been remodelled and is now one
of the finest and most up-to-date
barber shops in the city. Mr. Cor-
coran has secured the services of
Mr. Brooks of Pittsburg and Mr. An-
derson of Boston, who are practical
workmen. He wishes to thank the
public for its generous patronage in
the past and he will continue to give
first class service.
P. D. CORCORAN,
Proprietor.
Room 26, Congress street.

STATE BOARD OF TRADE

To Have Annual Meeting at Suncook
Next Friday

The annual meeting of the state
Board of Trade will be held at Sun-
cook next Friday. The program in-
cludes the election of officers, speech-
es by prominent men and a banquet.
Frank J. Philbrick, Burpee Wool,
Thomas Entwistle and August Hett
will be the representatives of the
Portsmouth Board of Trade.
It is expected that Gov. Charles
M. Floyd will be a special guest.

TO COLONIAL DAMES
Appeal to the Society for Exhibit at
Jamestown

The following letter has been re-
ceived by the Society of Colonial
Dames in this state from the national
chairman:
Mrs. Arthur Eastman Clarke,
Manchester, N. H.
My Dear Mrs. Clarke:—
The Jamestown Exposition will be
opened on April 26th. The time is
so short that it is necessary that I
now make final arrangements for the
exhibit of the Colonial Dames, and to
do that, I must know what to expect
from the State Societies of the Col-
onial Dames of America. I wish you
would write me promptly what valu-
able papers, old silver, old prints,
mementoes and costumes, and any
other material which it is your pur-
pose to send. I will be especially
glad to know the dimensions of the
cases in which you propose to place
them. Where necessary, and special
cases are desired, we will undertake
to furnish them.

I particularly wish to know how
many oil portraits you propose to
send, and I would like to have the di-
mensions of each of these. It is my
wish to make our collection the most
valuable in the History and Historic
Art building. I believe we can make
it so, and I beg that you will there-
fore select the articles to be sent
with special reference to their his-
toric value. In addition to the ar-
ticles above mentioned, if you have any
rare articles of furniture, please in-
dicate what they are, and how much
space they will occupy.

It is important that I should have
all of the above information without
delay, so that I can assign space, and
make all necessary arrangements for
the exhibit. When I assign you
space I will send labels to be pasted
on your packages or cases, so that
there will be no mistake in their de-
livery when they reach here. The
building in which our exhibits are to
be placed is one of the most costly
and beautiful on the grounds, and I
wish to have an exhibit worthy of
ourselves and of the occasion.

TELEGRAPH BRIEFS

N E O P Flourishes
Boston, Mass., March 13.—The
Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, New
England Order of Protection, will hold
its twentieth annual session in Ford
Hall today with an attendance of
delegates and visitors from all over
the state. The report of the re-
tiring Grand Warden, Frank A. Rice,
will show the order to be in the most
flourishing condition in its history.
The finances are in most excellent
shape, the expenses having been re-
duced \$3,000 and the income in-
creased \$1,000 during the past year.
The report further shows a net gain
in membership of 2,275, which is the
largest increase ever made in one
year. The new officers, already nomi-
nated, are: Grand Warden, Her-
bert M. Shaw; Grand Secretary,
Eben S. Hinkley, and Grand Treasur-
er, Daniel E. Frasier.

Examinations For Consular Service
Washington, March 13.—The first of
the examinations for the consular ser-
vice under the new rules laid down
by Secretary Root are to be held to-
morrow, and the result is awaited
with a good deal of anxiety by per-
sons interested in the development
of the consular service on civil ser-
vice lines. It was expected that there
would be a large number of appli-
cants, but such has not proven the
case. From present indications there
will not be a sufficient number to fill
all the vacancies that now exist in
the consular service or will exist in
the near future. The apparent diffi-
culty is in finding applicants prop-
erly equipped technically with the nec-
essary knowledge of two languages
or more, and at the same time pos-
sessing an acquaintance with worldly
affairs and business methods likely
to make them good consuls.

Grand Duke Of Hesse's Anniversary
Berlin, March 13.—There will be
great festivities at Darmstadt today
in celebration of the fifteenth anni-
versary of the accession of the reign-
ing grand duke, Ernst Louis V. The
Grand Duke, who is a nephew of
King Edward VII. of England, is one
Europe, but at the same time he is
personally very popular with his sub-
jects. It is now six years since he
was divorced from his first wife, who
was the Princess Victoria Melita,
the daughter of Queen Victoria's
"Sweet Princess Alice." The Grand
Duke a year ago took a second wife
in the person of Princess Eleonora
of Solms-Hohensolms. The Grand
Duchess has likewise remarried, her
choice being the sweetheart of her
youth, the Grand Duke Cyril of Rus-
sia.

EXETER APPROPRIATES \$100.
Exeter on Tuesday appropriated
\$100 for the purchase of the county's

rights in the Exeter town building.
It is understood that the county leg-
islative delegation has set a price of
\$500.

Lake of Washing Material.
Near Ashcroft, in British Columbia,
are a number of small lakes, whose
shores and bottoms are covered with
a crust containing borax and soda in
such quantities and proportions that
when cut out it serves as a washing
compound. The crust is cut into
blocks and handled in the same man-
ner as ice, and it is estimated that
one of the lakes contains 20,000 tons
of this material.

Charge Against Surgeons.
There has arisen a class of sur-
geons, mostly young, often inexperi-
enced in other safer methods, and
above all, callous, who have no hesita-
tion in embittering the last moments
of their patients by submitting them
to what are practically hopeless op-
erations, often under the specious plea
of giving them a chance.—Dr. Rigby
in Independent Review.

Mortality Among Children.
Of every ten children born in Eng-
land and Wales, only seven reach the
age of 20. In France only one-half
of the children born reach that age,
and Ireland shows a still more deplora-
ble record.

Advice.
When a man succeeds through
heeding the advice of others he is
always inclined to think that his tri-
umph would have been more brilliant
if he had gone his own way.

Be Cheerful
Worry and gloomy thoughts wear
on the nerves and injure the digestion.
When you feel blue, try to look on
the bright side of things, cultivate
health-thoughts and correct the sys-
tem by taking
**Beecham's
Pills**
Sold everywhere. In boxes 10c. and 25c.

23
THAT'S OUR NUMBER.
When you call us on
telephone you'll not get
"Skidoo" or the "Hook,"
but
GRAY & PRIME
who will give prompt ser-
vice and send you the
best coal mined. Try it

BAD BREATH
"For months I had great trouble with my stomach
and used all kinds of medicines. My tongue has
been actually as green as grass, my breath leaving
a bad odor. Two weeks ago a friend recommended
Cascarets and after taking them I can tell you
clearly say that they have entirely cured me. I
therefore let you know that I shall recommend
them to any one suffering from such troubles."
Chas. H. Halpern, 116 E. 7th St., New York, N. Y.
Best for
The Bowels
Cascarets
CANDY CATHARTIC
"THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP."
Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good,
Never Sicken, Weaken or Grip. Get the New
Solid Bulk. The genuine tablet stamped "C.C.C."
Guaranteed to cure your money back.
Starling Remedy Co., Chicago or N. Y. 50c
ANNUAL SALE, TEN MILLION BOXES

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Of Every Description.
Blank Books Made to Order
J. D. RANDALL
Over Pay's Store, Portsmouth, N.
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Blacksmith and Export Horse
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STONE TOOL WORK A SPECIALTY.
113 N. ALBANY ST.

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HOTEL**
Opposite Grand
Central Station
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Rooms
\$1 a day and up
Baggage to and from sta-
tion free. Guidebook and
map of New York City
free on receipt of 5-cent stamp.

WANT ADS.
AS FOR SALE.
WANTED, TO LET, LOST
FOUND, ETC.
One Cent a Word.
For Each Insertion.
**3 LINES ONE WEEK
40 CENTS.**

LOST—On Tuesday, March 12, a
pocket book containing B. and M.
railroad pass and two keys. Finder
please leave at this office. chm13/w

LOST—A lady's watch, open-faced,
Waltham make, gold case, with
monogram on back. Finder please
notify Mrs. A. H. Hewitt, 22
Highland street. cm9tf

FOR SALE—At a bargain, 3 beach
lots. Parties leaving town offer
them at a sacrifice. C. E. Traf-
ton, Real Estate Agent. mar1tf

FOR SALE—Large bank desk, form-
erly used at Portsmouth Savings
Bank. Inquire at this office. cha15tf

PLACARDS—For Sale, To Let, Fur-
nished Rooms, etc., can be had at
the Chronicle office.

PRINTING—Get estimates from the
Chronicle or all kinds of work.

WHIST SCORE CARDS—For sale at
this office.

FOR SALE—House of six rooms, 1
Manning street. Apply at 9 South
street. Fthc 3w

FOR SALE—A dozen second hand
doors. Inquire at this office. cha15tf

FOR SALE—Beach lot at Wallis
Camps, fronting on beach. Address
B. F. D., this office. cha18tf

FOR SALE—Quantity of iron grating
such as is used in banks. Inquire
at this office. cha15tf

TO LET—House of seven rooms; in
first class repair; 5B Sheafe street.
Apply 19 Market street. M12helw

FOR SALE—Electric motors; one 12
horse power, one 3 horse power.
Inquire at this office.

Thomas E. Call & Son
—DEALERS IN—
Eastern and Western
LUMBER
SHINGLES, CLAPBOARDS,
PICKETS, ETC.
For Cash at Lowest Market
Prices.
Market Street,
PORTSMOUTH, N. H.


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HOTEL
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BROADWAY AND 11TH STREET
NEW YORK CITY.
Within Easy Access of Every Point of
Interest. Half Block from Wausauka's.
5 minutes' walk of Shopping District.
NOTED FOR: Excellence of Cuisine, Com-
fortable Apartments, Courteous Ser-
vice and Homelike Surroundings.
ROOMS \$1.50 PER DAY AND UP
EUROPEAN PLAN.
Table d'Hôte Breakfast 50c.
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REVERE HOUSE
BOWDOIN SQUARE,
BOSTON.
Under new management.
Single rooms with use of bath, \$1.00
Rooms with bath, \$1.50.
Suites of large parlor, chamber and
private bath, \$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.00.
Headquarters for Frank Jones' Alea
and broil live lobster.
R. S. Harrison, Proprietor.

PROFESSIONAL CARD
F. S. TOWLE, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon
84 STATE ST., PORTSMOUTH, N. H.
Office Hours—Until 9 a. m.; 2 to 4
and 7 to 8 p. m.

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Plumbing and Heating.
Telephone Connection.
NO. 17 BOW ST.

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CARPENTER
—AND—
BUILDER.**
No. 6 Dearborn Street
Jobbing of all kinds promptly at-
tended to.

Boston Tavern.
Handy to Theatres and to the
Heart of the Business
District.
Ordway Pl. & 347 Washington S

—STRICTLY FIREPROOF.
European Plan.
PRIVATE DINING ROOMS
THEATRE AND DINNER PARTIES
A SPECIALTY.

**Granite State Fire
Insurance Co**
Of Portsmouth, N. H.
Paid-Up Capital,
\$200,000
OFFICERS
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Vice President.
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Secretary.
JOHN W. EMERY, Asst.
Secretary.

**AN
Attractive Contract**
The Travellers Ins. Co. is offering to
Preferred Risks a \$500.00 Accident
Policy, which at the end of five years
becomes worth \$7,500.00 and at same
time insures the Beneficiary for
\$500.00 while travelling, weekly in-
demnity which would be paid the in-
sured under the double benefit is
\$50.00 a week, not exceeding 400
weeks.
The Annual Premium for such a
Contract is only \$25.00. The Travel-
lers Ins. Co., being the largest Ac-
cident Co. in the World, it is reasonable
to presume that its Contracts are the
most liberal.
This Co. also writes Health and Li-
ability Insurance.

C. E. TRAFTON
DISTRICT AGENT.
SANTAL-MIDY
These tiny CAPSULES are superior
to Solution of Capsule.
RELIEVES IN 24 HOURS
the most stubborn
cases of Gonorrhea.
247 Broadway, New York

WORMS

Unsuspected worms are the cause of numerous little things that go wrong with children. When a child is sick you rarely think that its sickness is caused by worms, yet worms, either directly or indirectly, are the cause of three quarters of all the ills of childhood. Children, and often-times adults feel out of sorts, are irritable, feel listless and unrefreshed in the morning; suffer with indigestion, have a variable appetite, foul tongue, offensive breath; hard and full belly, with occasional gripings and pains about the navel; eyes heavy, and dull; itching of the nose; short, dry cough; grinding of the teeth; slow fever; and often in children, convulsions—in the majority of cases, the cause of all the trouble is worms though you may not suspect their presence.

DR. TRUE'S ELIXIR

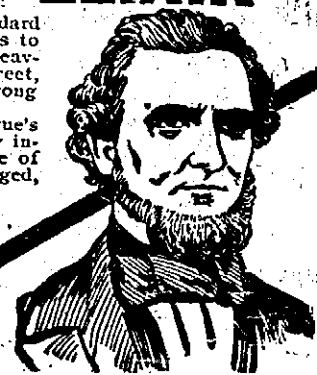
A pure vegetable compound, has been the standard household remedy since 1851. It never fails to expel not only worms but all waste matter, leaving the blood rich and pure, the stomach sweet, the bowels regular and the whole system strong and healthy.

The mother who gives her children Dr. True's Elixir regularly is wise, because it not only increases the appetite, acts as a preventative of coughs, cold, fever and worms but gives rugged, robust health.

Sold by all Druggists. Price 35c, 50c and \$1.00.

Write for free booklet, "Children and their Diseases."

DR. J. F. TRUE & CO.,
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About this time you probably need

a pair of extra trousers to "patch up" your suit until it is time to put on the light weight one. Whatever your taste or need or occupation we have anticipated your want.

HENRY PEYSER & SON,

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BUTTER, CHEESE, EGGS,

TEA AND COFFEE

AT LOWEST PRICES.

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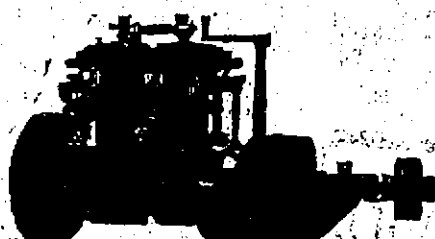
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ANDREW O. CASWELL, DISTRIBUTOR FOR PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

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Agents for the reliable and well built Knox 3 Port Marine Engine. Catalog mailed free on request.

Underwood Typewriter for sale or to rent.
General Machinists and Jobbers

Tel. 442 - GOODALL & TOLMAN - 64 Hanover St.

200 LOST LIVES

In Wreck Of A French Battleship

THE IENA BLOWN UP BY A TORPEDO

Bursting Shells Wrought Havoc With The Big Craft

OTHER SHIPS NEAR HER SHATTERED BY BIG SPLINTERS

Toulon, France, March 12—Dozens of dead, officers and men, are in the powder-shattered hull of the 12,000-ton turret ship Iena, which was blown up at her dock today. As the flames reached the separate magazines of the big battle craft, new explosions followed one another like the detonations of a giant rapid-fire gun, while through the dense smoke human remains were flying constantly in the air, following each explosion on the doomed vessel.

The spectacle following the first explosion was terrifying, and the helpless thousands of spectators, who lined the quays, wrung their hands with horror.

Blackened forms with haggard eyes rushed madly through the lines of spectators, not knowing where they were fleeing.

Over the sides of the doomed craft plunged flame-blistered marines and sailors from among the 631 of her crew, and powerful shells from the magazines rained over a quarter-mile radius of the docks, adding new horror, and causing a general exodus of residents to a safer locality.

The Iena was undergoing an inspection of her machinery in the first basin of the Missessy dock when the explosion occurred. The concussion caused by the explosion of a compressed air torpedo set fire to the after powder magazine, blowing the whole after part of the vessel up.

There were about 630 officers and men on board the Iena at the time of the disaster, but many of them jumped into the water. The authorities here believe that the victims number over eighty.

Debris is flying over the dock yard for a distance of 500 yards. The windows of the workshops around the scene of the explosion are all broken and the electric wires flash in the fuses and then break down all about the Missessy dock.

A complete panic prevails among the employees of the arsenal who were returning to work from lunch when the powder magazine of the Iena blew up. Many of them made a rush towards the Missessy dock, whence clouds of thick smoke were arising. No one seemed to know what had happened until some one shouted:

"The Iena has blown up!"

The number of injured is now known to be about 300, including several officers who were severely burned.

It is impossible as yet to estimate the number of deaths. Many of the crew of the Iena saved their lives by climbing down ladders and reaching the quays; whence they fled to other places of safety, or to the telegraph offices in order to notify their relatives of their safety. Many of the crew belonged in Toulon, and the arsenal was so besieged by anxious relatives that entrance had to be forbidden to all but men in uniform.

The injured men and officers are being taken to the hospitals. A signal man of the Iena named Guldceill, who escaped, says that a large number of the crew were gathered in the fore part of the ship listening to a lecture by an officer when the first explosion occurred. Most of these were able to escape.

The maritime prefect of Toulon announces that the magazines of the Iena which did not explode have been flooded.

Many big ships of war in close proximity to the Iena have been damaged by the rain of projectiles, steel splinters and debris from the wrecked craft, but such is the confusion that no adequate idea of the extent of the catastrophe can be obtained.

Minister of Marine Thomson is on his way to Toulon to personally inquire into the cause of the disaster and supervise the care of the wounded. Every effort is being made to get to the Iena, but even the squads of workmen and sailors who approach the scene at the port of their lives

are forced back beyond the danger zone.

The Iena is a turret ship of 11,861 tons displacement and 16,500 horse power. Her speed is estimated at over 18 knots, and her crew consists of 631 officers and men.

The Iena was the flagship of Vice-Admiral Manceron, commanding a division of the French Mediterranean Squadron. Capt. F. B. C. Verrier was the chief of staff, and her commander was Capt. P. Adligard.

GERMANY'S CABLE LINES.

Caroline Island Circuit Completes Non-English System Around the World.

When Cyrus W. Field proposed the first ocean cable his ideas were characterized by doubters all over the world as "Yankee nonsense," but the cable was laid, and its success as a medium of communication between the two worlds was immediate and pronounced. The result, says the New York Tribune, was that deep sea cables soon became a "fad" with enterprising capitalists, and to-day the electric spark traverses the civilized world through the wires of the submarine cables. When, from any accident, the wires are blocked and communication ceases temporarily, the world of business suffers a shock which almost paralyzes its energy, and until the connection is again made the commercial community is practically at a standstill.

Of all the nations of the globe Germany is one of the most energetic in the work of sinking electric cables in the depths of the ocean. She has just completed a new line between Shanghai and Yap, in the Caroline Islands, which covers the distance of more than 2,000 miles. This cable is laid at the greatest depth of any in the vast system of the world, and it closes a gap which makes it the first continuous non-English line to encircle the earth.

The year 1905 was, for the German cable industry, a most significant one. It not only gave the Kaiser's dominion a great many new cables, but it showed that the process of laying these lines had advanced wonderfully in its technique, so that the work can now be done rapidly, in comparison with the records of past achievements in this line of industry. The number of German cables which have a length of more than 52 miles has been increased by this new cable to 13. These include lines to England, to Norway, to Ireland, to Spain, to Sweden, two to New York, a distance of 4,790.4 and 4,911 miles; two to China, to Constantinople and to the Ladrone Islands.

Besides these large ocean cables, there are a great number of shorter ones, which are partly in use between various German seaports, and between Germany and neighboring countries. Altogether, Germany has more than 18,816 miles of submarine cable, of which, however, only about 3,293 miles are owned directly by the government. The total cable length in service in the world is between 273,402 and 279,616 miles, so that Germany's percentage, notwithstanding the progress which she has made in the last year, is very modest. Really, only about one-fiftieth of the total cable length at the service of Germany is German in its proprietorship; while England owns more than two-thirds of it. Not more than two years ago, however, Germany did not own more than one-twentieth of the cable length upon which she depends for service.

Up to a few years ago no ocean cable was in a greater depth than 16,404 feet. The American cable in the Pacific ocean was, in 1903, laid in depths to 20,469 feet. The cable Manila-Yap-Guam, laid by the German cable steamer Stephan, in 1905, surpassed this record, as it reached depths of 22,966 feet, and in laying the Shanghai-Yap cable, it was necessary, in the vicinity of the Luikn Islands, to reach depths of 26,246 feet, which is one of the deepest places to be found anywhere in the oceans of the world. This new cable was manufactured in Germany, by the North German Sea Cable works, in Nordenham, at the mouth of the Weser.

Long Sleep Brought Death.

There is a record in medical works of a man near Rochester, N. Y., who slept five years, never waking more than 16 hours at a time, and that only at intervals of six weeks or more. When seized by the trance he weighed 160 pounds, and he dwindled to 90 pounds. No treatment availed; he died.

Way of Fate.

Talk about Fate's irony! Down in Newark, O., a man lived to the advanced age of 106 years. He never had a sick day in his life that amounted to anything, and at his remarkably advanced age he was active and in good spirits. Then a horse with absolutely no sense of the eternal fitness of things kicked him to death.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

For Over Sixty Years

Mrs. Winklow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, silences all pain, cures the wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Guaranteed under the food and drugs act June 30, 1906. Serial number, 1095.

THIRD LECTURE IN TEACHERS' COURSE

The third lecture in the teachers' course will be given in the High School hall tomorrow afternoon at half-past four. The speaker will be Supt. Payson Smith of Auburn, Me.

NEWS FOR SPORT LOVERS

Definite action has been taken with the view of persuading Dartmouth and Brown to play their football game next Fall at Manchester. Secretary Fred T. Dunlap of the Manchester board of trade has opened negotiations with Graduate Manager Lillard of Dartmouth and Mr. Lillard is said to favor Manchester as a place for the big game. Portsmouth people would be very much pleased if the Queen City should be selected, for they remember with great pleasure the games played at Manchester in 1902 and 1903.

It may be remembered that a suggestion was made last Fall that Dartmouth might be persuaded to play a game in Portsmouth this year with one of the minor colleges, either Bowdoin or the University of Maine. Whether it would be possible to arrange for such a game or not, it would be hard to say, but Portsmouth would like to see it.

Dartmouth men are indignant over the charges of rough playing made against their basketball team. They insist that Dartmouth has never been the aggressor in cases where questionable tactics have been employed in games. Capt. Grebenstein, in a signed statement, says that this was particularly true in the last game with Williams. Watson of Williams, he says, repeatedly fouled Lang when the referee was not looking and that Lang finally lost his temper and retaliated. Lang's offense was seen and he was ruled out of the game. Grebenstein also asserts that the entire Williams crowd threatened to mob the Dartmouth players and that the treatment accorded him and his men at Williamstown was about the worst possible.

Although the coveted championship was lost, it is still the opinion at Dartmouth that the Hanover institution of learning has the best college basketball team in the country. A record of thirteen victories out of seventeen games is undeniably a good one and it is significant that the Dartmouth team had previously beaten all the teams to which it lost last week by much larger scores than those recorded against it during that disastrous trip. Illness and injuries had left Grebenstein, Lang, Lane and Brady in bad condition. Grebenstein and Lane will graduate in June, leaving Schildmiller, Lang, Brady, Diagle and Morrissey for the team next year.

Becket, who pitched for the York Beach baseball team last Summer, is likely to receive a good offer to play professional ball if he decides not to return to Dartmouth next year.

Followers of High School athletics are indulging the hope that Somersworth High will this year display a higher grade of sportsmanship in its dealings with Portsmouth High than it did last year.

Portsmouth lovers of sport will see some of the best athletes in the state on April 9, the date of the Y. M. C. A. meet in this city.

That New Hampshire baseball league may be a success, and we all hope that it will be, but if it lives very long beyond July 4 people down this way will be surprised.

The New England League this year is really a Massachusetts league, all the teams being located in Bay State cities.

New Hampshire College has made a good showing in basketball this year and the students are correspondingly elated.

The fans are wondering if they will enjoy their usual Fast day baseball game at Portsmouth Field.

WAS RETAINED

Pepperell Cove Appropriation Kept In River and Harbor Bill

Senator Gallinger has advised O. L. Frisbee that the survey of Pepperell Cove was retained in the river and harbor bill and that the survey will be made in due time.

We congratulate Mr. Frisbee and Mr. Wasson on interesting the New Hampshire and Maine delegations in this harbor improvement and trust that they will be able to convince the United States surveyors that the improvement is a necessity.

It is interesting to note how this part of our harbor has "mildly" improved on the harbor in 1800 gives for Pepperell Cove good anchorage in four fathoms of water; now it has only one fathom and in many places not that.

An ungainly, home-made word is "stoktolliveness," but it spells success in advertising more than in anything else. Don't be a quitter.

"Tut, tut," says the Man Who Knows,
Uneeda Biscuit
5c
NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

MUSIC HALL. "YOU ALL REMEMBER CLANCY"

Glorious Return
Thursday
Night,
March 21st.

Seats on Sale Tuesday
A. M.

Prices = 35c, 50c,
75c, \$1.00, \$1.50.

The Will J. Block Amusement Company's Big, Brilliant Song Play.

Coming Thro' The Rye

Frank Lator, Stella Mahew, and That Same Famous '80. Every Feature That So Enthralled Portsmouth... Not a Detail Changed.

Extra Good Clothes for Boys.



It's well to stop occasionally and consider just what ordinary boys' clothing, as contrasted with EXTRA GOOD, represents and is.

From beginning to end extra good clothes are made to give the utmost wear and satisfaction.

Ederheimer, Stein & Co., Chicago, are makers of extra good. We are selling agents.

Full Line of Spring Hats Ready for Inspection.

Keith's Konqueror Shoe, one of the Leaders, of which we are Sole Agents, can be seen in our stock.

Also Herrick's New Shoe for Women.

N.H. Beane & Co.
No. 3 Congress St.

FORMERLY FAY STORE.

Decorations for Weddings

Flowers Furnished For All Occasions.

FUNERAL DESIGNS A SPECIALTY.

CAFSTICK'S, ROGERS STREET

H. SUSSMAN,

Portsmouth Dye House

30 Penhallow St.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Garments cleaned and pressed in a satisfactory manner without shrinking, by a strictly professional.

Newly cleaned a specialty.

Read The Herald And Keep Posted

A New Hotel
at the **Old Stand**
\$250,000 has not been spent
Remodeling, Refurnishing,
and Redecorating the
HOTEL EMPIRE
Broadway, Empire Square & 53d St.
NEW YORK CITY.
Restaurant and Service Unexcelled
Splendid Location
Most Modern Improvements
All surface carriages or
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in every room
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Send for guide of New York—Free

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(Successor to Samuel S. Fletcher)
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—AND—
Undertaker.

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Haynes avenue.
Telephone 59-2.

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CARRIAGE WORK AND
BLACKSMITHING.

your horse is not going right
come and see us. We charge nothing
for examination and consultation.
If you want your carriage or cart
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give you the benefit of our 45 years
experience in this business without
expense.

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21-2 Linden St.

H. W. NICKERSON
LICENSED MBALMER

—AND—
FUNERAL DIRECTOR

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Call by night at residence, 9
Duffer Avenue, or 11 Gates
street. Will receive prompt
attention.
Telephone at office and resi-
dence.

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CALL FOR MILLIONS

NEW BUILDINGS NEEDED AT WASHINGTON.

Many Departments at Present Inconveniently Housed—Magnificent Structures in Contemplation of Erection.

"While visitors who have not seen the nation's capital in several years are universal in their comments upon the marked improvement and expansion of the city," said a Washington architect, "these evidences of our growth are nothing to what may be summarized and presented as a bird's-eye view in even so short a time as two years hence."

"Omitting the congressional library from our conclusions, it will be noted that many years elapsed between the erection of the war, state and navy buildings and that occupied by the post office department, the most recent acquisition to our department structures. While this building has been occupied since 1899, it is now very much overcrowded, many of its divisions being scattered in other buildings down town."

"The government printing office building can hardly be classed as an office structure, and neither can that of the bureau of engraving and printing. The building occupied by the latter is so very much overcrowded that the work is stated to be seriously interfered with, and that unless congress speedily grants an appropriation for further additions the congestion at present existing will offer a difficult problem to those who have to do with its solution."

"The new office building of the senate and the house of representatives will in nowise relieve the congestion in the executive departments, and which, by the scattering of the various divisions and bureaus of the different departments throughout the city, is a source of great annoyance and inconvenience to all concerned, not to speak of the heavy expenditures for rentals. The department of justice is especially inconvenienced by reason of being inadequately housed in what was formerly a private library in another structure over half a mile away. The newly created department of commerce and labor also has no home which it may truthfully call its own. In the vicinity of the war, state and navy building there are three or four structures filled with the overflow from the mammoth granite pile."

"Hence, as large as an appropriation of \$10,000,000 for office buildings in this city may seem at first blush, it would, indeed, be found to be inadequate to properly accomplish the purposes, and a total of \$15,000,000 allowing \$5,000,000 each for three new buildings, would be found to be more in keeping with a situation which is perfectly well understood to exist in this city, and which, as has always been the case since the inception of the government, has been one which has never been fully met by our chief legislative body."

"From the standpoint of simple commercialism, eliminating all the other important constituent elements of this highly important governmental and local question, it would be supposed that the proper housing of its executive and working forces in the capital would be a primary consideration with congress."

"But we cannot have too many public buildings in the city, even though the outsider may imagine that we already have a sufficiency, and we will not, therefore, be unnecessarily alarmed at the fear that we may have too many of these structures. The yearly volume in the increase of the government's business, and the necessarily enlarged forces required to handle it, are so great that it will not be long that the need for new structures will be increasingly imperative."

"With the completion of the senate and the house of representatives of the buildings the rectangular bounding the east end of the capitol grounds will, with the exception of a single square, be covered by marble structures of beauty and size which cannot be duplicated in any other capital in the world, and there will be formed a plaza which in itself will be worth a continental or an ocean journey to feast the eyes upon. In fact, the beautiful white union station structure, being but two squares from these grounds, might with propriety be included within the radius."

Did Taft Smile?

A little story about Secretary Taft, which I think has never been in print, was told the writer by a friend who was an eyewitness. It was on a Washington street car and nearly all the seats were occupied. A pretty young lady and a bright-looking small boy sat near the rear door. The car came to a halt and Secretary Taft entered. Of course, every eye was fastened upon the distinguished official, who, with becoming stateliness and dignity, passed down the aisle to a vacant seat in the rear end of the car. The small boy climbed on the seat and watched the royal progress with fascinated eyes. Then, breaking the silence of awe, rose his clear, penetrating childish voice:

"Auntie, auntie! Why has the gentleman got his legs put on behind?"

The secretary sank into the nearest seat and the silence was still further broken by irrepressible giggles.—Boston Herald.

Good Reasons.

All the world loves a lover, especially the jeweler, the florist and the confectioner.—Evening Wisconsin.

WANT OLD TREE SAVED.

Fine Elm Not to Be Harmed by Erection of Statue.

"I am very glad," said an old Washington citizen, who is a lover of trees, "that President Roosevelt has taken a personal interest in the statue of Kosciuszko, the Polish patriot who helped to establish the republic of the United States. He may learn something of the site. The statue is to be erected at the northeast corner of Lafayette park, where it happens one of the finest trees in the district—a magnificent elm—graces that particular corner of the park. It is possible that the people in charge of the erection of the statue may think it desirable to remove the tree in order to improve the view. Many of the members of the Cosmos club, located at the corner, have acquired a personal affection for the grand old elm, which affords a most grateful shade in the summer time. When the site of the statue was originally selected many months ago an informal meeting was held and a letter of protest was written to Col. Brownell, the engineer officer in charge of public buildings and grounds. He replied that their wishes would be fully respected and that the statue would be erected on the corner without endangering the tree or its roots. Knowing President Roosevelt's great interest in trees, it is hoped that he will see that our grand old elm is not injured by the new statue. The officials in charge of the work of putting up the statue say that there is room enough on the corner for both the tree and the statue, and that neither will interfere with the other. I hope they are right in their opinion, but I feel more safe as to the tree in knowing that the president is taking a personal interest in the project."

WANTS THE CANTEN BACK.
Old Washington Lady Has Formed Lobby of One.
One of the most active woman workers for the restoration of the army canteen is said to be a little lady who lives in South Washington, and whose only son was killed in a drunken brawl in one of the low dives that infest the vicinity of army posts. She pays frequent visits to the halls of congress, and never fails, when she meets a member of either house, to urge him to vote for the repeal of the anti-canteen law. Her son was a private soldier and had been in the army several years before the canteen was abolished. Up to that time, she explains, he was a comparatively "sober lad." But after the post-exchanges were done away with her son sought the low places about the military reservations that had sprung up like mushrooms, and became addicted to the use of the poisonous compounds that were dealt out under the name of "whisky." These, she added, converted him into a maniac for the time, and one day, while on pass and wild from the effects of the stuff, he engaged in a row and was killed. The burden of her plaint to congressmen is that if the canteen had been left undisturbed the boy would now be alive. She asks them to restore it for the sake of "some other mother's son who may be led into the practices of the low resorts and become a confirmed drunkard and gambler, and perhaps meet the fate of my boy."

Saw Things Optimistically.
They are telling an ante-recess story up at the capitol hearing on the strenuous session now in progress. There had been an informal meeting of some of the Nestors just before the holidays and they were looking over the situation and figuring what if anything be sides passing the appropriation bills could be done at the short session. The general feeling was pessimistic, for it was admitted that neither the house nor the senate was fully in accord with the president on all his propositions. But finally one of the members arose and said, gravely:

"Gentlemen, away with these gloomy prognostications. I think the outlook for business is all right. We will get through with everything we came together for. We have done well already and we will do better. We have already saved the dictionary of the United States, and before we get through, and if I don't think we will manage to save the constitution."

Senator Pettus "Made Good."
The punctilious standard of responsibility set up for himself by Senator Pettus, of Alabama, was illustrated a few days ago. A dapper young man called upon him, the grandson of an old southern friend long dead. The caller talked Mr. Pettus out of \$50, promising to return it in a few days, but the senator learned that the young man had immediately deserted his wife and gone to parts unknown. The fine old gentleman lost no time in hunting up the deserted wife, gave her enough money to meet her pressing necessities and also paid her way back to her girlhood home in Alabama. "If I hadn't loaned the young scamp money," said Senator Pettus, when asked about the incident, "he would not have been able to get out of Washington and desert his poor little wife. I therefore hold myself responsible for her unhappy plight and, of course, there was nothing for me to do but send her back home to her people."

Too Much Simplified.
Members of the house in Washington were amused by an exhibit of simplified spelling the other day when the river and harbor bill was under discussion. In order to illustrate the argument made in support of a 14-foot channel from this city to the Gulf of Mexico, the speaker displayed before the house and had placed upon a large easel in front of the speaker's desk a map of the Mississippi river valley, upon which the draftsman had indicated the names of cities, rivers and lakes, spelled in a manner heretofore unknown. The map showed the following places: "Siox City," "Dubuque," "Pittburg," "Louisville," "Missour river," "Mississippi river," "Soupiet lake."

Animals Sent to President by Admiring Friends.
Ultimately Find Their Way to the Zoological Park and Become Part of Great National Collection.—Jackrabbit Chase.

If all the animals and birds which have been sent by admiring friends, as gifts to the president and members of his family had been allowed to remain at the White House that historic old structure might easily be turned into a menagerie and the grounds surrounding it into a zoological park. All the presidents, back to Washington himself, have had gifts showered upon them, and it was not unusual for these gifts to assume the shape of a wild or domestic animal. But it was not until the present occupants came to the White House that the custom of making presents of this character began to assume extensive proportions. This is due, probably, to the president's known love of everything pertaining to natural history, and to the further fact that he is a great hunter. His bent in this direction is handed down to his children.

The gifts to the White House in recent years include almost every American small animal capable of being domesticated. With few exceptions they have been sent to the zoological park, there to become a part of the great national collection. Gifts of animals from friends in foreign countries are not at all infrequent. Only recently the president received from King Menelik of Abyssinia an Arabian zebra and two ostriches. These can now be seen at the zoological park, where they have attracted wide attention.

The variety of American animals ranges from white rats and mice to a cinnamon cub bear. A small lion has also been received. The arrival of the opossum, raccoon, or even a cat or dog, fails to create more than passing interest among the younger members of the presidential family.

Probably the most commented upon animal at the White House is the house cat, Slippers. She is different from ordinary cats in that she has six toes. Slippers is now a permanent fixture in the president's household. A parrot of the Mexican double yellow head variety is a pet of which all the Roosevelt children are fond. It is an exceptionally intelligent bird, and pronounces distinctly the names of the different members of the family. It has been at the White House for several years, and was especially fond of Mrs. Longworth, when she was a girl there. Its voice, shouting "Alice," "Alice," "Alice," could frequently be heard ringing through the hallways.

The story of how two Kansas Jackrabbits found their way to the White House is interesting. They had been brought here from the west by E. S. Schmid. One day, while being fed, they escaped from their cage. A wild scramble was made to capture them by the attendants, but their training on the plains of the Sunflower state stood them well, and they left their pursuers practically at the post. Reaching G street, at Twelfth, they separated, one going east and the other west, both through busy and crowded thoroughfares.

WHITE HOUSE PETS

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Newsboys and messenger boys joined in the exciting chase after the rabbits, and for a time business in that vicinity was practically at a standstill. Both animals were large specimens, and as they spread out their long limbs many thought they were young deer.

One of the rabbits was captured at a distance of more than two miles. The other took refuge in the White House grounds, where it remained for several days, affording an opportunity for several hunting expeditions on the part of the Roosevelt boys.

As a means of capturing this rabbit its mate was taken to the White House grounds and turned loose, and it is said both are still there. Mr. Schmid having decided, on request of representatives of the president, not to molest them further.

Recent additions to the family of pets at the White House are two Angora cats. These were left to President Roosevelt by the will of a New York woman, who also made him executor of her estate. The property was turned over by the president to the woman's relatives, and, as they did not care for the Angora cats, they were given a place in the household of the first family of the land.

The Roosevelt children also have as pets several guinea pigs, but it is their dogs and ponies that give them the most pleasure. One of the dogs, Skip, was presented to Archibald while he was hunting bear and other big game in the Dakotas. The other dogs are Rolla, a big St. Bernard, and Sailor Boy, a retriever.

Unlovely Water Tanks.
"No doubt," observed the man who has fallen into the habit of observing the doings of others with critical eyes, "the structures which are being put up on the roofs of buildings in the business sections of the city add to the security from fire. For they are tanks filled with water and their function is to flood the threatened building when the fire appears. There is no question about the utility of these attachments, but why should all regard for appearance, not to say beauty, be overlooked in their design? If there is anything in preserving some uniformity in what artists and others delight to call the sky line of the streets of the city, why is the bare and unadorned water tank perched high up on the roofs of buildings allowed?"

"Have you any idea of what it costs to put up one of those unadorned water tanks as you term them?" asked one of the group, who heard the remarks of the critical citizen. "Perhaps if you did you would think they were beautiful, even though without ornamentation or artistic form as you suggest."

"That's the usual argument put up by the ignorant scoundrel," replied the first speaker. "Cost has nothing to do with beauty and the present structures are a disgrace to the city."—Washington Star.

Disposing of Increased Salary.
A group of congressmen were assembled in the lobby of the Willard the other night and were discussing the recent increase in salaries voted to themselves. One of the number, a poor man from the far west, found no difficulty in finding justification for his vote in favor of the proposition. But at the same time he regaled his colleagues with a statement made to him by a brother congressman, a rich man, by the way, whose income in one week more than equaled the congressional pay for a year. "I don't propose to use a cent of the increase," he had declared the wealthy member. "I shall give it all to the hospitals of my district."

He was somewhat taken aback when his colleague remarked that he also would not use a cent of the increase. "How's that?" said the rich fellow. "Well," returned the poor man, "I intend to let my creditors have it."

ARE KEEN AFTER RECRUITS.

Intense Rivalry Between Army and Navy Departments.

An army officer in Washington on a visit has directed attention to difficulty officers are experiencing in securing recruits for the army in order to keep it up to anywhere near its legal quota. He added that the scarcity of material for the making of fighting men had resulted in a peculiar condition in certain places where there are both army and navy recruiting depots. It has been charged that officers in charge of naval recruiting have "swiped" recruits that had been promised to the army, and vice versa, so keen has become the rivalry between the two branches of the service. He pointed to a recent occurrence at Sioux City, which is considered one of the best recruiting points in the United States. The army was the first to establish a station there. Then followed the marines, and lastly the navy came in its quest for sailormen. At first, it is said, the three officers in charge of the several stations were on friendly terms, but that condition is said to exist no longer. Each officer is trying to outdo the other, and any infringement on each other's territory is quickly and hotly resented. It is understood that an applicant is not enlisted until he reaches headquarters, and many are said to be enticed to rival stations. Among the causes advanced for the scarcity of material for the army are the severe penalties that are inflicted by the courts-martial and the absence of "extras" in the menus of the military posts, due to the abolition of the army canteen, which formerly supplied a company fund to provide butter, milk and other things not contemplated in the army supply list.

MADE LIVING FROM RUBBISH.
Queer and Profitable Occupation of Washington Man.
A queer character, who frequented the streets of Washington several years ago is said to have recently passed away in New York city. It was his practice during the regime of the old street-sweeping machines to go along the gutters on the main thoroughfares of the city every morning before the hand sweepers were out of their beds and delve into the piles of refuse that had been cast up by machine sweepers. It is said he found many articles of value and frequently money in the rubbish. The boys of the streets called the old man "Jack the Digger." His right name was said to be McCarthy, and he was described as "lively and full of fun."

One morning just at the peep of dawn McCarthy is said to have unearthed a pile of silver dimes and quarters and some nickels in one of the street piles. In all the find amounted to about three dollars, and the "digger" declared that he felt like a Rockefeller. The pile was in front of a barroom, and he thought that the money had perhaps been lost by some drunken fellow who fell into the street after the saloon had closed at midnight.

Ever afterward he made it a point first to visit the saloon fronts along his "route" in quest of the losses of some bled "drunk." In New York he is said to have been employed as a member of the great "flock" of "white wings."

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ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Every gentleman wore a queue and powdered his hair.

There was not a public library in the United States.

An old copper mine in Connecticut was used as a prison.

A horseman who galloped on a city street was fined four shillings.

Virginia contained a fifth of the whole population of the country.

Two stage coaches bore all the travel between New York and Boston.

The Mississippi valley was not so well known as the heart of Africa now is.

All the population of a village assembled at the inn on "post day" to hear the news.

Quinine was unknown. When a man had ague his he took Peruvian bark and whisky.

The church collection was taken in a bag at the end of a pole with a bell attached to arouse sleepy contributors.

RUSSIAN PROVERBS.

Every cricket knows its own hearth.

A fool shoots; God guides the bullet.

A present is cheap but love is dear.

The morning is wiser than the evening.

The slower you go the farther you be.

A great guest is always dear to a host.

Dogs bark and the wind carries it away.

Honor is on his tongue and ice under it.

When money speaks, truth keeps silent.

The open mouth never remains hungry.

A fox sleeps but counts hens in his dreams.

A word of kindness is better than a fat pie.

SUNFLOWER PHILOSOPHY.

Look yourself over carefully. Are you a fool? And nothing pays so well as a little sense.

When a man finds fault with a reporter watch the reporter quit using that man's name.

How men are abused! Yet is it not a fact that you know a dozen good men to every unreliable one?

When people are kind to you, do you become insolent and overbearing? That's the effect kindness has on certainly seven people out of them.

A farmer doesn't have a chance to do much work at this season, being compelled to stand guard with a gun all day to keep his neighbors from stealing his hired hands.—Atchison (Kan.) Globe.

SAYS THE OWL.

Almost any girl can attract attention in an abbreviated bathing suit.

Some characters are like certain books. They are best appreciated before the leaves are out.

Perhaps it is because they are seldom over-dressed that chorus girls possess such powers to charm.

The paths of glory lead but to the grave. Still, that doesn't give other paths any advantage over them.

The man who tells a girl that she is all the world to him, generally has broader views after they get married.

"OLD BATCH" SAYS—

Either a man is good, and can't be clever, or he is clever and won't be good.

Tact is being sure not to look solemn when your rich uncle makes an awful flat joke.

If the rules for getting to heaven were more exciting there would be lots more candidates.

Half the money that a boy's college education costs would buy a better annuity for him than he can ever earn.

It makes a girl a good deal madder for you not to want to kiss her than for you to do it when she doesn't want you to.

SENTIMENTS OF THE SCHOOL MASTER.

Let us have more of the religion of a square meal.

A little philanthropy covers a multitude of frauds.

Men must help one another or you can rest certain they will hurt one another.

Money is one of those irresistible things which even your theologian wakes at knowingly.

FOR THE LITTLE COOKS.

Encourage the Children to Learn How to Cook and Teach Them Neat and Careful Ways.

Nearly every little girl wants to cook. At a very small cost she can be outfitted with little pans, rolling pin and pastry board. If possible provide her with a low shelf in the pantry and have a stock of flour, sugar, fruits, mixed spices and all things needed in making cakes, pies, bread, etc., especially for her. She should be taught to keep her utensils in perfect order and cleanliness. Mother will have to show her how to measure and compound the various articles and regulate the heat of the oven for her.

The following recipes have been in use for years and the material used in each article is so small that if the little cook should have an occasional failure, the loss in material would be slight. A spoonful is the unit of measure used and in sugar or flour a spoonful means a heaping one. A pinch of anything is all one can take between the thumb and fore finger.

LAYER OF PLAIN LOAF CAKE.

Sift three tablespoonfuls flour and one-level teaspoon baking powder together into a pan ready for use. Put one tablespoon-soft butter and two tablespoons white sugar into a mixing bowl and stir with a tablespoon until smooth and creamy. Then add two tablespoons sweet milk, stir again, add two tablespoons of the sifted flour mix well, stir in one well-beaten egg and one-half teaspoon vanilla, then the rest of the flour, and turn into three well-greased pans. Three or five pound lard pail covers make nice jelly tins. Bake in a quick oven and turn out, bottom side up upon a clean cloth, and spread with whatever filling preferred.

THREE GOOD FILLINGS.

Beat the white of one egg until stiff, then add slowly two tablespoons each of sugar and grated cocoanut and spread between the layers and on the top. For a chocolate filling place a small bowl or cup in a kettle of boiling water and in it put one-half square of chocolate, one and one-half tablespoons sugar and stir until melted; then add one tablespoon milk and a few drops of vanilla. Boil five minutes, stirring well. Spread between the layers. For a cream filling stir together one teaspoon flour, one tablespoon sugar and one-half well-beaten egg. Add four tablespoons milk and a few drops of vanilla. Place in a pan of boiling water and stir until thick. Spread between the layers and glaze the top with half the well-beaten egg and sprinkle with sugar.

FRUIT CAKE.

Make a cake like the above, omitting one-half tablespoon of sugar and adding one tablespoon molasses, one-half teaspoon mixed allspice, nutmeg, cinnamon and cloves, and one tablespoon each of finely chopped citron, raisins and currants. Bake slowly in one loaf.—Orange Judd Farmer.

FOR THE NEW BABY.

Nowadays' All Articles for Layette May

BOSTON & MAINE RAILROAD

EASTERN DIVISION
Winter Arrangement—In Effect Oct. 8, 1906

Trains Leave Portsmouth
For Boston—3.25, 6.30, 7.20, 8.15, 10.53 a. m.; 2.21, 5.00, 6.25, 7.43 p. m. Sunday, 3.25, 8.40 a. m.; 2.21, 5.00 p. m.
For Portland—9.55, 10.45 a. m.; 2.55, 5.22, 8.45, 11.35 p. m. Sunday, 9.55, 10.45 a. m.; 2.55, 5.22 p. m.
For Wells Beach—9.55 a. m.; 2.55, 5.22 p. m. Sunday, 9.55 a. m.; 2.55, 5.22 p. m.
For Old Orchard—9.55 a. m.; 2.55, 5.22 p. m. Sunday, 9.55 a. m.; 2.55, 5.22 p. m.
For North Conway—9.55 a. m.; 2.55, 5.22 p. m.
For Somersworth—4.50, 9.45, 9.55 a. m.; 2.55, 5.22, 5.30 p. m. Sunday, 4.50, 9.45, 9.55 a. m.; 2.55, 5.22, 5.30 p. m.
For Rochester—4.50, 9.45, 9.55 a. m.; 2.55, 5.22, 5.30 p. m. Sunday, 4.50, 9.45, 9.55 a. m.; 2.55, 5.22, 5.30 p. m.
For Dover—4.50, 9.45, 12.15 a. m.; 2.55, 5.22, 8.47 p. m. Sunday, 4.50, 9.45, 12.15 a. m.; 2.55, 5.22, 8.47 p. m.
For North Hampton and Hampton—6.30, 7.20, 8.15, 10.53 a. m.; 5.00 p. m. Sunday, 8.00 a. m.; 5.00 p. m.
For Greenland—7.20, 8.15, 10.53 a. m.; 5.00 p. m. Sunday, 8.00 a. m.; 5.00 p. m.

Trains for Portsmouth
Leave Boston—7.30, 9.00, 10.10 a. m.; 1.00, 3.20, 4.45, 6.00, 7.00, 10.00 p. m. Sunday, 8.20, 9.00 a. m.; 6.30, 7.00, 10.00 p. m.
Leave Portland—1.30, 9.00 a. m.; 12.45, 5.00, 6.20 p. m. Sunday, 4.30 a. m.; 12.45 p. m.
Leave Old Orchard—9.00 a. m.; 12.48, 3.53 p. m. Sunday, 6.06 p. m.
Leave North Conway—7.38 a. m.; 2.23 p. m.
Leave Rochester—7.20, 9.47 a. m.; 3.52, 5.23 p. m.
Leave Somersworth—6.35, 7.33, 10.00, 10.08 a. m.; 4.05, 5.35 p. m. Sunday, 7.15 a. m.
Leave Dover—6.50, 10.24 a. m.; 1.40, 4.30, 6.30, 9.20 p. m. Sunday, 7.30 a. m.; 9.20 p. m.
Leave Hampton—9.22, 11.50 a. m.; 2.24, 4.50, 6.16, 7.26 p. m. Sunday, 10.06 a. m.; 7.59 p. m.
Leave North Hampton—9.28, 11.55 a. m.; 2.30, 5.05, 6.21, 7.31 p. m. Sunday, 10.12 a. m.; 8.05 p. m.
Leave Greenland—9.35 a. m.; 12.01, 2.36, 5.11, 6.27 p. m. Sunday, 10.18 a. m.; 8.10 p. m.

SOUTHERN DIVISION

Trains leave the following stations for Manchester, Concord and intermediate stations:

Portsmouth—8.30 a. m., 12.40, 5.25 p. m.
Greenland Village—8.39 a. m., 12.48, 5.33 p. m.
Rockingham Junction—9.05 a. m.; 1.02, 5.58 p. m.
Epping—9.20 a. m.; 1.16, 6.14 p. m.
Raymond—9.31 a. m.; 1.27, 6.25 p. m.
Returning leave,
Concord—7.45, 10.25 a. m.; 3.30 p. m.
Manchester—8.32, 11.10 a. m.; 4.20 p. m.
Raymond—9.08, 11.48 a. m.; 5.02 p. m.
Epping—9.20 a. m.; 12.00 m.; 6.15 p. m.
Rockingham Junction—9.47 a. m.; 12.16, 5.55 p. m.
Greenland Village—10.01 a. m.; 12.28, 6.08 p. m.

Trains connect at Rockingham Junction for Exeter, Haverhill, Lawrence and Boston. Trains connect at Manchester and Concord for Plymouth, Woodsville, Lancaster, St. Johnsbury, Newport, Vt., Montreal and the west.

*V. Dover and Western Division.

Information Given, Through Tickets Sold and Baggage Checked to all Points in the United States and Canada.

D. J. FLANDERS, P. T. M.
C. M. BURT, G. P. A.

ATLANTIC SHORE LINE RY.

(Western Division)
In effect Sept. 17, 1906. Subject to change without notice. Unavoidable delays excepted.

Ferry leaves Portsmouth, connecting with cars:
For Elliot, Dover and South Berwick—6.55 a. m., and hourly until 9.55 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 7.55 a. m.
For Kittery and Kittery Point—6.25, 6.55 a. m., and hourly until 9.55 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 7.55 a. m.
For York Village, York Harbor and York Beach, via P. K. & Y. Div.—6.55 a. m., and every two hours until 10.55 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 7.55 a. m.
For York Village, York Harbor and York Beach, via Elliot and Rosemary—7.55 a. m., and every two hours until 9.55 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 7.55 a. m.
Cars leave Dover:
For York Beach—8.05 a. m., and every two hours until 10.05 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.05 a. m.
For Portsmouth, Elliot and Kittery—6.05 a. m., and hourly until 10.05 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.05 a. m.
For Salmon Falls Bridge, South Berwick—6.30 a. m., and hourly until 10.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.30 a. m.
Leave Salmon Falls Bridge, South Berwick:
For Dover, Elliot and Portsmouth—6.00 a. m., and hourly until 10.00 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.00 a. m.
Leave York Beach:
For Dover and Salmon Falls Bridge, South Berwick—7.30, 9.30 a. m., and every two hours until 9.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 9.30 a. m.
For Portsmouth, via P. K. & Y. Div.—5.45, 6.30, 8.30 a. m., and every two hours until 4.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.30 a. m.
For Portsmouth, via Rosemary and Elliot—7.30, 9.30 a. m., and every two hours until 9.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 9.30 a. m.
Leave Sea Point:
For Portsmouth—6.00 a. m., and hourly until 10.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 7.30 a. m.
Leave Rosemary Cottage:
For Portsmouth and Kittery—6.00, 6.30, 7.30 a. m., and hourly until 10.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.30 a. m.
Close connections can be made between Dover and York Beach via Elliot, Kittery and Kittery Point.
W. G. MELOON, Gen. Mgr.
Tel. Call—41-2 Portsmouth.

U. S. NAVY YARD FERRY TIME TABLE

October 1 Until March 31

Leaves Navy Yard—8.20, 8.40, 9.15, 10.00, 10.20, 11.15, 11.45 a. m.; 1.35, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 4.35, 5.00, 5.45, 6.15 p. m. Sundays, 10.03, 10.15 a. m.; 12.15, 12.35 p. m. Holidays, 9.30, 10.35, 11.30 a. m.
Leaves Portsmouth—8.30, 8.50, 9.30, 10.15, 11.00, 11.30 a. m.; 12.15, 1.45, 2.30, 3.30, 4.23, 4.45, 5.30, 6.00, 10.00 p. m. Sundays, 10.07 a. m.; 12.05, 12.25, 12.45 p. m. Holidays, 10.00, 11.00 a. m.; 12.00 p. m.
*Wednesdays and Saturdays.

C. F. REES,
Captain, U. S. N. Captain of the Yard.
Approved: W. W. MEAD,
Rear Admiral U. S. N., Commandant

S. G. LONDRES
10 Cent Cigar
Has No Equal.
S. GRYZMISH,
MANUFACTURER

Cemetery Lots
CARED FOR AND TURFING DONE.
With increased facilities, the architect is again prepared to take charge of and keep in order any lot in any of the cemeteries of the city and its vicinity. He will also give careful attention to the turning and grading of them, also to the cleaning of monuments and headstones, and the removal of weeds. In addition to work at the cemetery he will do turning and grading in the city at short notice.
Cemetery lots for sale, also lot in and Turfing left at his residence, corner of North Main Avenue and South Street, or by mail, will be given prompt attention.

PORTSMOUTH ELECTRIC RAILWAY

Winter Arrangement—In Effect Monday, Sept. 17, 1906

Subject to change and correction without notice.

Main Line—Outward
Leave Portsmouth (Market Square) for North Hampton 6.15 a. m.
For Lang's Corner, Cable Road, Rye Beach, Little Boars Head and North Beach (E. H. & A. Junction) at 7.05 a. m., and hourly until 9.05 p. m. For Cable Road only at 7.50 a. m., 8.45 a. m., 10.05 p. m. Sunday only, for North Hampton, 7.35 a. m. Sunday only, for Sagamore Hill, 10.05 a. m. On Theatre Nights 10.05 p. m. car waits until close of performance. Cars leaving 10.05 a. m., 1.05 p. m., 3.05, 4.05, 5.05, 7.05, 8.05 and 9.05 p. m. make connection for North Hampton.

Main Line—Inward
Leave North Beach (E. H. & A. Junction) at 8.05 a. m., and hourly until 10.05 p. m. Leave Cable Road at 8.10 a. m., 7.30 a. m., and 10.40 p. m. Sunday only, leave Sagamore Hill for Market Square at 10.23 a. m.

Plains Loop
Via Middle Street and via Islington Street—Leave Market Square at 6.35 a. m., 7.05 a. m., and half hourly until 10.35 p. m., and 11.05 p. m. Via Middle Street only at 10.35 p. m. Sundays.
Last cars each night run to car barn only.

Christian Shore Loop
Via Islington Street and via Market Street—Leave Market Square at 6.35 a. m., 7.05 a. m., and half hourly until 10.35 p. m., and 11.05 p. m.
Running time from Market Square to B. & M. Station via Islington street, 16 minutes; via Market street, 4 minutes. Last cars each night run to car barn only.

North Hampton Line—Weekdays
Leave Cable Road 7.00 a. m., 8.00, 9.00, 10.30, 11.30 a. m., 3.00 p. m., 5.45, 7.05 p. m., connecting with 7.41 a. m., 8.20, 11.19 a. m., 2.35 and 5.13 p. m. trains for Boston.
Leave North Hampton Station for Little Boars Head, Rye Beach and Cable Road at 7.30 a. m., 8.30, 9.30, 11.00 a. m., 2.30 p. m., 4.50 and 6.25 p. m., connecting with 9.25 a. m., 11.55 a. m., 2.30 p. m., 5.05 and 6.21 trains from Boston.
Leave North Hampton Station for Little Boars Head only 11.55 a. m., 11.00 p. m., 2.40, 3.40, 4.40, 4.32, 7.35, 11.00, 11.30, 11.40, 11.50 p. m. Car leaving North Hampton, 4.32 p. m., connects at Little Boars Head for Rye Beach and Cable Road until October 7, 1906.

Leave Little Boars Head for North Hampton Station at 12.50 p. m., 1.50, 2.10, 3.40, 4.20, 4.50, 7.50, 8.50 and 9.50 p. m.

Sundays
Leave Little Boars Head at 8.50 a. m., and hourly until 9.50 p. m.
Returning—Leave North Hampton Station for Little Boars Head only 9.08 a. m., and hourly until 10.00 p. m. All trips on Sundays connect with Main Line cars at Little Boars Head.

*Omitted Sundays.
**Omitted Holidays.

Runs to Little Boars Head Saturdays only.
xxMake close connections for Portsmouth.

City Office: Room 5 Congress Block, Portsmouth. Telephone, 233.
WINSLOW T. PERKINS, Supt.
C. M. BURT, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

PORTSMOUTH AND EXETER ELECTRIC RAILROAD TIME TABLE

Cars leave Exeter, Boston and Maine station, for Portsmouth—5.45, 7.45, 8.45, 9.45, 11.45 a. m.; 1.45, 3.45, 5.45, 6.45, 7.45, 9.45, 11.45 p. m.
Cars leave Market square, Portsmouth, connecting with cars at Portsmouth Plains for Exeter—6.35, 7.35, 8.35, 10.35 a. m.; 12.35, 2.35, 4.35, 5.05, 6.25, 8.25, 10.35 p. m.
Sunday cars start two hours later and run the same as on week days except the 7.35 a. m., and 5.05 p. m. trips, which are cancelled for that day.

*To Stratford only.

FOR TEN YEARS
We have been engaged in the Monument, Granite and Marble business in the neighborhood of Dover and Exeter, N. H., and we have been in Portsmouth, N. H., for ten years. We have a large stock of granite, marble and granite monuments, and we are prepared to do all kinds of work at reasonable prices. Call and inspect our stock. We are now having special prices.

THE BOYS' FLAT.

Her bachelor son had been writing home about what a lovely flat he and his chum had together, and how comfortable they were. So when she went to town she went right to the flat, although she knew the two young men would be down town at that hour. She told her daughter, who accompanied her, that she was anxious to see how attractively the dear boys kept everything. The janitor looked at her dubiously when she sought admittance to the apartment, but she convinced him she was really what she purported to be—the mother of one of the youths—and so he opened wide the portals. The twin went into the library, and there she sank into a chair, with a faint groan, as she looked about her. The chair next to the one on which she sat held a clothes brush and a pipe. On the table were half a dozen glasses containing a drop or two of some dark colored liquid. A shaving mug was on the mantelpiece next to a royal Worcester vase. The brush was stuck over a picture; why, she has never discovered.

On the sideboard there were decanters with straw in the bottom of them, as they had arrived from the glass factory, and four pairs of trousers, neatly folded, ornamented the back of an armchair. A package of butter, in its thin paper cover, was sitting on a copy of "The Virginian," a screwdriver and a hammer were on the couch, a bathrobe hung over the screen, a towel on the sideboard. The top of a satsuma vase was lined with an enormous sponge. A veil of tobacco ashes was over all, and between 7,000 and 8,000 (the mother cannot be sure of these figures, but she is pretty certain there were this many) cigar and cigarette stumps were everywhere.

The mother took out her handkerchief and began to weep. "And to think the boy was brought up in a home where everything was kept as neat as a pin. All men are naturally savages. They are uncivilized at heart, and when they live in a place where there are no women to keep them in order they very quickly relapse into the aboriginal state," her daughter reminded her. Then she picked up a newspaper and found it contained a box of crackers, a long bar of castle soap and a pack of cards.

"At least, I can put this place into some sort of order for him while I'm here," declared the elder woman, and with sudden energy she rose, pinned up her skirt, took off her bonnet, tied her hair in a towel and went to work. "Go and find that wretched janitor, and tell him to stay where he can hear me when I call," she commanded. Her daughter went. The linen closet was found to be full of preserves which she had sent her son to tide over the winter. She removed these, rescued the sheets, pillow cases and blankets from where they were reposing under one of the beds, and restored them to their own domain again. She removed the dog basket from its dangerous position in the bathtub and put it in a corner. She dusted, she even swept, and it took the janitor days to carry away the cigar stumps. She worked three hours. She actually hung the pictures that, lying face downward under the table, were crying to be hung, and finally, when she stopped to survey the apartments, she could not but be proud at the charge she had wrought. Everything was clean and shining as an old maid's parlor. While she was still contemplating her handiwork the door opened to admit her son.

"By George!" said he, after kissing her, "you have made this look like another place. I've been meaning to have a woman come in and clean up for the last month, but somehow I've never done it. It looked particularly bad this morning, because we gave a little party last night. What d'ye do with the butter?"

"I gave the butter," said his mother, severely, "to the janitor."

"And I see you took my shaving mug out."

"Certainly. Is the mantelpiece of your library any place for a shaving mug?"

"Well, no, it isn't," agreed the youth, amiably, "but you see I can see myself better in the mirror over the mantelpiece than I can either in the glass in the bathroom or the one in the bedroom. But, as you say, it wasn't any place for it. Tell you what, 'Jack' will be mighty glad to see things look shipshape. What d'ye do with my slippers that were on the sideboard?"

"I put them in the bottom of the linen closet, where they will be near at hand and still not conspicuous."

"So they will. That's a great idea. It's a wonder I hadn't thought of it. Didn't throw out the tobacco that was in the cracker jar, did you?"

"Certainly not," replied his mother, reproachfully. "Do I ever throw out anything that may be of use? I put it in the tobacco jar."

"Strange, but I never cared for that tobacco jar for tobacco. It was a dandy to keep matches in, though. What d'ye do with the matches?"

"I put those in the match safes that are tucked here and there on the walls."

After luncheon the mother and son parted amiably with many injunctions on the maternal side to keep things neat thereafter.

In the succeeding two weeks she received from her heir exactly 22 letters, asking the location of certain articles which she had put away in the flat and which had never been found.

When the twenty-second one came she made her arrangements and went up to town to answer in person. Again it was morning, and again she went directly to the flat, interviewed the janitor and was admitted. She looked in the library. The shaving mug was on the mantelpiece, a sponge was resting in a big vase, a half-dozen pairs of trousers were on the back of a chair, a screwdriver, a hammer and a clothesbrush were on the couch, and tobacco ashes were over all. She took in this scene of equanimity with much interest and then went out and softly closed the door behind her.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

GERTIE'S CHOICE.

H. B. MARRIOT WATSON.

Gertie had fine brown eyes, a pretty figure, always neatly dressed, and a good complexion, and she managed, for her aunt, who kept a small lodging-house in Clapham, it was when she was vivacious that she was most attractive, for her smile lit up her countenance as a room is lit up for a feast.

Behold her vanishing—a light, swift figure in pretty dove gray—round the corner of the vulgar empty road. She turned her back on the wide green reach of the common and plunged into the thoroughfares, tripping along gaily till she came to the station; there she took a ticket to Camberwell. At Camberwell lived Gertie's sister, who had married a man, "making good money."

She came to a pause on the threshold, for there sat William, her husband, and he was looking at her in the most Belgravian manner with Emily.

"If I'd known he'd be in here I'd have come last year," murmured Gertie in her brother-in-law's ear. "Hullo Mr. Iles! Out of a job again?"

The young smooth-faced man flushed as he rose. "No—that is, he's stammered. 'I'm engaged, but I have a day off. I'm on at Pritchard's hotel, Miss Maxwell, and I have the afternoon off,'" he said with dignity.

"And don't you forget it," said Gertie, flippantly, "that's a sixpenny platter place. I know 'em."

"But I'm giving up the business, if I may say so," remarked Mr. Iles somewhat loftily.

"Where you going?" asked Gertie, inquisitively.

Mr. Iles hesitated and looked uncomfortable. "I've got another engagement," he said, awkwardly. He was a pallid young man and was certainly not attractive to the eyes.

"Stuff and packer nonsense," said Gertie, energetically, dabbing the kettle on the fire. "You men are always changing about. Can you sing that new thing—what's it?" she cried with some eagerness. "You know, Emily, the one about the girl in the circus and the fellow that drops his wig in his soup."

"I can try," said Mr. Iles, modestly, and made his way to the cheap piano. Mr. Iles obligingly played the bars and Gertie repeated the air.

"I call that a real duck of a tune," said Gertie, impatiently. "Well, I'm off, Emily. You give baby a peck for me. I got to get back and I'm going to see Clara before I start. So good cheer, old girl, and keep George in order."

"If you were going my way," stammered Mr. Iles in some confusion of speech. "I thought perhaps you would allow me to go part of your way."

"Look here, Miss Maxwell, couldn't we—couldn't you? I want to—will you?" Greedily, clumsily, desperately he pulled her toward him.

"Just let me be," said Gertie, sharply. "I'll trouble you for my arm, Mr. Iles. Goodness, what's come over the man, grabbing a girl in the street like that? If I am to guess what you mean," said Gertie, slowly, "though why on earth you can't say it I don't know—I'd rather not, thank you."

Spring had merged in summer when Gertie heard next of Mr. Iles, news which came to her in a letter from her sister. Emily wrote in her straggling hand to ask if Gertie could accompany her to the Canterbury Music hall on such a night, as William Iles had sent her tickets. Once in the hall the sisters delivered themselves up to the thrills of warm anticipation.

"Oh, I say, Emily, here's the Christies. This is fun."

As she spoke a little hand deftly with bows upon the stage and took seats. Some exchanges of humor between bones and tambourine preluded an outburst of song.

"Emily," panted Gertie. "It's William Iles. Good Lord!"

"Never!" cried Emily, gaping. They stood on their feet and gazed and were shouted down by indignant spectators behind.

William Iles sang twice in a tenor that seemed now so much more singularly sweet than it had sounded in mere parlors. His face shone brightly, his eyes rolled; he was a monster of uncomeliness, but out of his throat poured mellifluous airs, full of love and sorrow and dove and to-morrow. They went straight and without resistance to Gertie's heart. That organ leaped and fluttered. She rose hastily, as the turn finished. "I'm going to see if I can see him," she said to Emily. "Come on."

"He must come this way out," declared Gertie, and took up her hand with determination. "That's why he sent you the tickets," she declared again, and they passed the vestibule impatiently.

"You did do it well, Mr. Iles. Well, you have got on. That was a beautiful song," panted Emily, beaming.

After that Mr. Iles frequented Gertie's home, remembering how great a fool he had been to fancy that Miss Maxwell could have objected to him with a blackened face. His new life threatened to swallow him up, but he had always admired Miss Maxwell. She had a way with her, and in the comparative innocence of his novitiate he renewed his proposal.

Mr. Whitehead's two-year-old jest was now doomed. The lodging-house must be the seat of a revolution.

Her aunt, remarking Gertie's exultation as she broke the news, had the originality only to say:

"Good gracious, girl! I never!" and to add, observing her niece's beauty bloomed in happiness: "Well, I 'ope it's for the best. Men are queer creatures."

"Yes, but William is different," said Gertie, quickly.

CHECKLEY'S NERVE.

HORACE SEYMOUR KELLER.

"Say, kid, you quit fooling with that chain, will you?"

"The bright-faced youngster in knickerbockers only took a firmer hold, placed his foot on the hook and went up with a rush that raised Checkley's hair and made him draw back from his door. Of course, the little rascal will be dashed against the beam from which the pulley wheel is suspended, or lose his hold and drop to the flagging below. When the hook shot by Checkley's door, third story, it jarred every nerve."

The hook held no youngster! He ventured, after taking a breath, to look out and down—only to meet the face of the lad turned up to him from the second story door.

The youngster had made a flying leap as the hook passed the door. He is safe this time—but how many times will he be able to repeat the nerve-trying feat? He will try it once too often and then there will be a disaster.

"By heavens! I'll not stay in this place if I've got to be in at the death of a fool kid. I'll quit, that's what I'll do." And he punched the coffee bag he was hauling with his fists; he kicked the unfeeling, unresponsive thing with his heavily-shod foot, after dragging it to its place among the 200 or 300 of its sort on his floor.

When he quit work for the day he went to the office of the junior partner and said:

"I want to give up my present job. I've got to, or lose my nerve. I'll go down in the roaster, punch beans, shovel coal, haul ashes or do anything you like. If I've got to stop up on that floor, where I'm liable to look out of my door any time after school hours, and see possibly a fine boy crushed against the beam or smashed to death on the flags below, I throw up my job, that's all."

"Nonsense, Checkley! You are the strongest man we ever had on the sack floor; we cannot dispense with your services—no, not if you give us a bonus."

"I can't stay there; I'm losing my nerve."

"You losing your nerve? A giant with weak nerves! Come, old boy, you are not a weakling!"

"Just the same I'll not stay there if fool kids are going to frighten the life out of me making monkeys of themselves on the hoisting chair. Unless some one watches out and makes them quit, I'm done."

"You've got too much feeling, Checkley. Boys will be boys, you know."

"That's all right, but I'll not stand for looking down on a fine lad done to death on the flags. You can cut out from mine looking up at a bleeding, mangled form crushed against the beam. Not any for me, I thank you. Lose my nerve? When I see a little monkey in a blue check cap fooling with the chain—"

"Blue check cap? Sure, Checkley, it's blue!" The junior partner rose quickly and leaned against the office rail. His face grew white, and his eyes were fixed for an instant upon the wall, as he stared beyond the tall form before him.

"Yes, blue check cap. That little monkey is the worst of the whole lot. This afternoon he took a flying leap from the hook as it passed the second story floor. He hit it all right that time, but he may miss it the next time. The boy will try the game once too often. Then some one will shed tears; some one will see a little coffin pass away from the door."

"Blue check cap?" The speaker's eyes still gazed at the spot on the wall from which a rosy face smiled at him, while he leaned heavily upon the rail between him and Checkley.

"The kid with the blue check cap beats them all racking my nerve. Pretty and saucy fellow. Oh! he'll make a miss some time—"

"I see now, Checkley, the danger. It must be stopped."

"That's what it must. The little rascal laughs at me when I order him away. Oh! but he'll make a bad job of it some day, and then—then there will be a vacant chair at the table, a lot of school books on the stand, and a little blue check cap will be laid away with the things a mother always keeps that were once a darling—"

"Stop, stop, for God's sake, Checkley, stop! I know what you mean. I do not wonder at you losing your nerve. It would kill me to see the little fellow dead—dead! Say no more. The boy will never rack your nerve again. It shall be stopped. Your hand, old boy. I like you, Checkley; you have got heart, feeling. You are not to quit your job—"

"But I can't stand the pressure, you see, of seeing the boy—"

"You shall never be troubled again. You shall never see the boy in a blue check cap nor any other boy at the chain again."

THE HERALD.

MINIATURE ALMANAC

MARCH 13

SUN RISES, 6:01; MOON RISES, 06:01 A. M.
SUN SETS, 5:47; FULL MOON, 10:45 A. M.
LENGTH OF DAY, 11:46

New Moon, March 14th, 11:50, morning, E.
First Quarter, March 21st, 11:30, evening, W.
Full Moon, March 28th, 11:40, evening, E.
Last Quarter, April 5th, 10:20, morning, W.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

Should you fail to receive your Herald regularly communicate with the office at once either by telephone, No. 37, or by messenger. We intend to give careful attention to our delivery system. Subscribers can pay bills monthly at the office or to the collector.

F. W. HARTFORD,
Treasurer.

THE TEMPERATURE

Forty degrees above zero was the temperature at THE HERALD office at two o'clock this afternoon

CITY BRIEFS

Come gentle Spring.
Easter is not far off.
The boys are spinning tops.
Look out for those Spring colds.
Eggs are slowly dropping in price.
The season of ethereal mildness is almost upon us.

The police have been required to get busy of late.

The Legislature will last through the Winter, anyway.

Have your shoes repaired by John Mott, 34 Congress street.

The Winter of our discontent will very soon end by limitation.

Don't fail to see "The County Fair" at Music Hall on Thursday evening.

The Athletic Club pool, billiard and card tournaments are approaching the end.

Summer hotel owners are getting busy, in preparation for the reception of guests.

See Shepard's moving pictures at Music Hall this afternoon and evening.

It is now possible to obtain fresh tomatoes if you are prepared to pay the price.

At Music Hall on Thursday evening: Neil Burgess in "The County Fair."

Oranges of the very finest quality may be purchased for fairly reasonable prices.

The Hibernians will celebrate at Manchester on Saturday, instead of in this city.

At Music Hall this afternoon and evening: Shepard's moving pictures.

The housewife will begin the preparation of Spring remedies in a short time now.

The reports of great disasters in the newspapers are getting to be almost monotonous.

The towns have held their annual elections and settled all the vexed questions for another year.

See Neil Burgess in "The County Fair" at Music Hall on Thursday evening.

The forge company and the paper goods company have made the old machine shop a busy place.

Capt. Tredlek of the High School baseball team is putting his battery candidates through their paces.

Portsmouth horsemen have not made good this Winter and there is now no chance for them to do so.

OBITUARY

Mrs. Susan P. Pickering died at her home in Newington on Tuesday. She leaves one brother, Johnstone Pickering.

ROBERT B. HENDERSON

In South Boston, Mass., on March 11, occurred the death of Robert B. Henderson, aged seventy-one years and eleven months. The funeral will be held from the chapel at Mt. Auburn cemetery, Cambridge, on Friday at three o'clock. Mr. Henderson was born in Portsmouth, the son of George and Ann T. Henderson, and is survived by one daughter, Miss Adie Grace Henderson of this city.

OBSEQUIES

The funeral of Mrs. Susan Wentworth Loughton was held on Tuesday forenoon at eleven o'clock from her late home on Court street, Rev. Alfred Gooding officiating. The body was sent to Boston for cremation at Forest Hills cemetery by Undertaker H. W. Nickerson today.

"JOE" IS ACTING CHIEF

First Assistant Engineer Joseph W. Akerman is filling the place of chief engineer during the illness of Chief David E. Jenkins.

SHIPS AT JAMESTOWN

They Will Represent All The Great Nations

PLANS FOR AN IMPRESSIVE NAVAL DISPLAY

Warships of at least twelve nations will be assembled in Hampton Roads at the opening of the Jamestown exposition on April 26, says a dispatch from Washington to the New York Herald. All the great naval powers will be represented, except Japan, whose ships will come later. The great vessels of England, France, Germany, Austria, Sweden and other nations will lie side by side with the ships of the United States and those from South America.

In the harbor of Hampton Roads and neighboring waters probably about one hundred war vessels will be anchored, the flags floating from their mastsheads indicating the peculiarly international character of the gathering.

England's squadron will be the largest and most formidable of those to visit the United States and will be exceeded in size only by the magnificent American fleet under Rear Admiral Evans, which will be mobilized at Hampton Roads during the exposition. Japan and France will send the next largest squadrons.

The foreign vessels will be, in nearly all cases, armored and protected cruisers. England's largest ship will be the cruiser Good Hope, sister ship to the powerful cruiser Drake. The English squadron will be commanded by Rear Admiral Neville.

Under the command of Rear Admiral Thierry, France will send three cruisers. The largest of the French squadron will be the Victor Hugo, with a displacement of 12,550 tons. She is one of the fastest of her class, with a speed of twenty-two knots. She is powerfully armed.

One of the most interesting visiting squadrons will be that from Japan. Because of the change made in the date for the opening of the exposition the Japanese representation will be smaller than was originally intended, but at least two vessels will be sent. One of these will be the Tsukuba, a newly launched ship, built at Kure entirely of Japanese construction and equipment. She is of 14,000 tons and 22.4 knots speed, armed with 8-inch quick firers in barbettes fore and aft and smaller calibers in proportion.

The protected cruiser Chitose will accompany the Tsukuba, and possibly will be joined by the Kuhl. These vessels attain great speed. Vice Admiral Ijima will be in command of the Japanese squadron. This will be the first visit of a Japanese squadron to the Atlantic coast since Japan attained high rank as a naval power in the war with Russia.

Officials in charge of arrangements for the naval display have received no word from Russia indicating the purpose of that country to send ships here to take part.

Austria will be represented in the international fleet by the armored cruiser Karl VI, one of her best vessels of that class.

Sweden has decided to send a ship, but has not yet announced her choice. Italy will send an armored cruiser and a protected cruiser, but the vessels have not yet been designated. Portugal will send a vessel, probably the cruiser Don Carlos.

The flag of Brazil will be seen at the mastsheads of probably three vessels in Hampton Roads. Chili will send the protected cruiser Zenteno, of 3,600 tons, and Argentina will be represented by from one to three warships of small size.

No positive arrangement has been made as to Germany's representation, but it is considered certain that country will have at least one ship at the naval display.

China will not be able to spare one of the ships of her small navy to take part in the exercises, but she will be represented by a naval and military delegation.

The Atlantic fleet of the United States navy will be at Hampton Roads. It is the intention of the navy department always to have one American ship at Hampton Roads for every foreign ship there, so that the visitors may be properly entertained.

TO THE GENEROUS

Further Appeal Made in Behalf Of Capt. Nickerson

Since the publication of the appeal for aid for Capt. Josiah Nickerson,

PIANO TUNING

That is right,

.... AT

H. P. Montgomery's,

6 Pleasant Street Opp. P. O.

there has been a gratifying number of responses. Supt. Silas H. Harding of the first lifesaving district, who has charge of the local fund, however, feels that the generous people of this city will wish to aid the unfortunate mariner to a still greater extent.

As previously stated, Capt. Nickerson is helpless. The loss of both hands and feet has made it entirely impossible for him to continue to follow the sea and he must seek some other means of gaining a livelihood for himself and his large family. The only practicable way is to establish him in some small business and to do this a considerable sum of money will be necessary. Moreover, before he can do anything to aid himself he must have artificial hands and feet.

His plight is a pitiable one and his misfortune should awaken the keenest sympathy. His family, too, faces a future that offers little hope and for the sake of his wife and children, as well as for his own, an appeal is made to the general public.

Supt. Harding will gladly receive contributions, large or small, at his office in National block or contributions may be left at the store of Horace P. Montgomery on Pleasant street. Supt. Harding will personally see to it that money contributed is properly used.

AT THE NAVY YARD

In floating the Newport from the dry dock today (Tuesday), a little trouble was experienced in getting out the caisson, owing to the suction pipes from the pumps being frozen. The yard fire engine Dupont was called out and her steam soon thawed the pipes and relieved the situation. The ship came out at half-past twelve. The Leonidas is expected to take her place in the dock next week.

The new ferry boat, No. 663, seems to be somewhat of a puzzle, so far, and it seems to be the opinion of many that she won't fit on this river under the present combination of motive power.

The Isla de Cuba, which is to be turned over to the Illinois naval militia, will probably leave here for Chicago on May 10.

James F. McWilliams, the newly appointed foreman laborer, called at the yard today (Wednesday) and reported to the department of yards and docks. He will assume charge tomorrow.

The Portsmouth yard seems to be headquarters for souvenir prizes for state militias and naval brigades. It is time we picked out one for our own state.

Rumor has it that the Austria will also soon be disposed of to some naval militia.

Willis A. Dinmore, clerk in the steam engineering department, is confined to his home in York with the grip.

The trip to The Shoals on the new ferry boat on Tuesday brought not only pleasure to some of the guests who made the trip, but demonstrated the fact that some of them would have been better off in their little beds or on the shore watching the craft as she passed Whalesback light.

WIZARD BILLIARDIST AT THE P. A. C.

Low Shaw of New York, the great billiardist and champion fancy shot player of the world, is in this city and will play at the Portsmouth Athletic Club rooms this evening and tomorrow evening. Mr. Shaw will meet the best billiard players at 100 or no count and the best pool players at fifteen balls or no count.

PARISH RECEPTION

There will be a parish reception at the North Church chapel this evening.

PERSONALS

Mr. and Mrs. Henry F. Wendell are in Boston today.

Postoffice Inspector Willis of Warner was in this city today.

Curtis Call has recovered from an illness of several weeks.

Mrs. Joseph Hett and son Arthur are visiting in Berlin, this state.

Charles W. Ham is taking in the automobile show in Boston today.

Arthur G. Abbott, who has been ill for several weeks, is now convalescing.

The National Magazine for March has a portrait of O. L. Frisbee of this city.

Francis W. Topliff of Greenland, formerly Boston and Maine station agent there, has been granted a patent.

George Coram has resigned his position at the navy yard to accept the place of head carpenter with the forge company.

H. D. Hutchinson, baggage master on the Portsmouth and Concord railroad, has been transferred to the Southern division.

Supt. Oskar Aichel of the Portsmouth Brewing Company left for New York today (Tuesday) and will attend the banquet of the American Institute of Brewing at the Astor House tonight. He will remain in New York a week.

POLICE COURT

A lively session of police court was held this (Wednesday) forenoon when Judge Simms heard six cases, five for brawl and tumult and one for drunkenness.

William Atzenhofer, Jeremiah Kelley, Anton Belder, Clarence Bunt and Frank Govin, soldiers at Fort Constitution, came up from the seaside town on Tuesday and after shipping good loads of beer repaired to the wharf near Broughton's lumber yard, where Kelley and Atzenhofer stripped for a fight. Some of the other men tried to separate them and everybody got busy in one way or another.

Somebody telephoned for the police and the whole bunch was corralled. It took a long time in court to find out who was who, but finally Atzenhofer and Kelley were each fined \$5.00 and costs of \$9.21. Belder, Bunt and Govin were released.

Louis Dame pleaded guilty to being drunk and was sent to the county farm for thirty days and ordered to pay costs of \$6.00.

The case of three young men charged with assault, which was postponed from Tuesday, was again postponed until Saturday forenoon at ten o'clock.

STORE ENTERED

And a Small Quantity of Bottled Liquors Taken

The store of Henry P. Payne on State street was entered some time Tuesday night and a small quantity of bottled liquors taken.

There is no clew to those responsible for the break.

HORSE FELL ON THE TRACKS

A horse attached to a heavy load of express goods fell on the Noble's Island bridge on the tracks between the gates on Tuesday and the switching engines were held for some time before the animal could be lifted off the rails. The horse suffered an injury to one of its legs.

A LITTLE TOO YOUNG

A girl fifteen years of age, with her lover, called at City Hall a few days ago and asked for a marriage license. The request was refused by City Clerk Hilton, who wanted to hear something from the parents of the girl before issuing the certificate.

"Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is the best remedy for that often fatal disease—croup. Has been used with success in our family for eight years."—Mrs. L. Whiteneer, Buffalo, N. Y.

BOX 43

Sounded For Fire In The Chaney Residence

A \$400 CONFLAGRATION EARLY TUESDAY EVENING

Box 43 was sounded last evening for a fire in the residence of Ernest L. Chaney, Islington street.

The fire started in an ell bedroom and was caused by the explosion of a lamp. The loss will amount to about \$400.

Mr. Chaney was unable to move, being confined to the house by an attack of rheumatic fever. During the fire he was removed to the residence of Dr. Sherburne nearby, the ambulance being summoned. Later he was carried back to his own house.

DOESN'T EXPECT TO BUY

Supt. Kimball Thinks Lifesaving Station Site Will be Given

Capt. S. I. Kimball, superintendent of the lifesaving service, said on Tuesday that he expected to go to New England this Spring to make arrangements for the establishment of a new lifesaving station at the Isles of Shoals, N. H., writes A. Maurice Lowe in the Boston Globe.

Provision was made for this station at the recent session of Congress and it only remains for Capt. Kimball to select a site and have the necessary buildings constructed.

Capt. Kimball expects to have a site given him for the new station. He says he has never had to buy a site for a lifesaving station, because their presence is regarded as an attraction, especially at seashore resorts.

SOLDIERS IN A FIGHT

Free-for-All Mixup at Foot of Daniel Street

Just after seven o'clock on Tuesday evening, word was sent to the police station that a free-for-all fight was going on at the foot of Daniel street.

The police went down and found half a dozen soldiers from the forts mixing it up in grand style on Broughton's wharf. The whole outfit was brought in to rest for the night and to tell all about it to the court today.

WILL NOT DO

Horses on Trial at Central Fire Station Returned to Owners

The horses on trial at the central fire station did not make as good a showing as was expected on Tuesday evening and are evidently not just the kind of animals wanted. They have been returned to their owners and the gain from the street department put in their places.

Young and lively animals are wanted, but the city must expect to pay for such horses. A cheap thing is not always cheap.

WILL GO INTO BUSINESS

Charles Pearson and Raymond Philbrick, two expert mechanics, have taken the shop on High street formerly occupied by the late J. M. Smith and will do general machinists' work, beginning on Monday next.

CUT PRICE EACH WEEK

On one article

Watch This Space

THIS WEEK

Sugar Corn 7c, can
Peas 10c, can
A. S. WOODWARD
95 1-2 CONGRESS St.

CASH

Paid for fresh eggs

— And —

Country Butter

F. E. LOUGEE, 18 Daniel Street
Telephone 325-2.

CALL FOR
HIGH GRADE RUBBERS

YOU CAN FIND THEM AT
THE WHITE SHOE STORE.

Mishawaka Ball Brand Boots \$3.50

The Best Wearing Boot Made.

Duncan & Storer,
5 MARKET ST.

DOG COLLARS,
DOG BREAD, CAT FOOD,

A. P. Wendell & Co.'s,
2 Market Square.

CHAS. J. WOOD
MERCHANT TAILOR.

Army and Navy Uniforms and Equipments

Imported and Domestic Doeskins
Broadcloths and Serges * * *

TELEPHONE 311-12.

CARPET SALE

50 PER CENT DISCOUNT

25 TAPESTRY RUGS, 48 inches, at.....

\$1.25.

20 SMYRNA RUGS, 30 inches, at.....

\$1 90.

40 SMYRNA RUGS, 36 inches, at.....

\$2.75.

10 8-3x10-6 TAPESTRY RUGS at.....

\$9.00.

5 Rolls of COTTON CARPET at.....

30c Per Yard.

8 Rolls of ALL WOOL CARPET at.....

49c Per Yard.

500 Rolls of JAPANESE and CHINA MATTING, price....

9c to 60c.

ALL GOODS DELIVERED FREE.

OLIVER W. HAM,

Complete House Furnisher.